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THE LADY'S OWN PAPER

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ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE literary fame of the

Laureate is of so true and noble a kind that we shall most certainly not be accused by our readers of impulsive hero-worship, when we acknowledge that we are acquainted with the works of no modern writer whom we should more like to see represented in our Portrait Gallery of Celebrities than Alfred Tennyson; and this, not because he is the Laureate, but because his art is of a high and splendid order,—his poems the most finished and beautiful, if not powerful, of any issued in our time. He has indeed permeated the English heart with his teachings; his influence, unlike that of many popular authors, extending very far beyond the circle of his immediate readers. If he finds his admirers almost solely amongst the educated classes, the tender and elevating lessons he has taught, have, through them, penetrated to every grade of society; while even his style has been made the foundation on which modern grammarians have sought to construct their rules, a sure proof of his undoubted success. To worthily sketch the life and analyse the writings of so great a master would therefore be altogether impossible in the space at our disposal, nor, indeed, is such a task necessary,—he lives in his works, and his poems, we would fain hope, are as “household words” in every English home of taste. We will therefore simply jot down, in the briefest form, a few facts, chiefly of personal history.

Tennyson, then, is the third son of the late Rev. G. C. Tennyson, the elder brother of the late Right Hon. C. Tennyson D'Eyncourt, and was born in 1809, at Somersby, Lincolnshire; his mother, who died so recently as 1865, being a daughter of the Rev. Stephen Fytche. He was educated by his father, and in due course proceeded to Cambridge. With the exception of a volume of poems published in conjunction with his brother Charles when they were boys, and a prize poem composed whilst an undergraduate at Cambridge, Mr. Tennyson did not publish anything till 1830, when “Poems, Chiefly Lyrical” appeared. It was not received with great favour by the public; but, amid much that was immature, it contained pieces which, in no indistinct manner, announced the advent of a true poet. In a notice of the book by Professor Wilson, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, the promise of the new aspirant for lyric honours was recognised in sufficiently express terms. The praise was, however, not unmingled with censure, which, whatever others



ALFRED TENNYSON.
(From a Photograph.)

might think of its fitness, did not commend itself to the poet, who retaliated on “Crusty Christopher” in his next volume, published in 1833. This consisted of a selection of poems from the previous one, carefully retouched by the writer, with the addition of pieces produced in the interval, many of which have scarcely been surpassed in beauty by anything he has since produced. Onward from this time, the reputation of the writer slowly but surely extended itself; and the publication, in 1842, of “Poems, by Alfred Tennyson,” in two volumes, raised him to the position of absolute supremacy, which he has ever since continued to occupy by almost universal consent. In these he included whatever in his earlier issues he deemed worthy of preservation, and the work was substantially what we now purchase as “Tennyson's Poems.” In 1847 appeared “The Princess; a Medley,” and in 1850, the series of elegies entitled “In Memoriam, A. H.,” a tribute of affection to the memory of Arthur Hallam, a son of the eminent historian, and the chosen friend of

the poet in his earlier years at Cambridge.

On the death of Wordsworth, in 1850, Tennyson succeeded him as Poet Laureate, in which capacity he issued, in 1852, his “Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.” Then, in 1855, came “Maude, and other Poems,” followed, in 1858, by “The Idylls of the King,” and, in 1864, by “Enoch Arden and other Poems.”

Since then, Tennyson had written little, and that little scarcely worthy of his reputation, till, in the May of last year, he published, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, that short but exquisitely beautiful poem on “Lucretius.” The more discriminating of his admirers had begun to fear his powers were failing him, and certainly the pieces he had been contributing to the periodical press gave reasonable cause for their misgivings; when, to the wide-spreading question whether he intended to produce again “aught that is worth the knowing,” he suddenly flung down a supreme answer in the highly-finished gem we have just referred to. As this poem may not be so familiar to our readers as his previous works, a brief description of it would seem desirable. The situation selected for treatment is best described in the few lines introducing the magnificent monologue which forms the bulk of the poem:—

Lucilia, wedded to Lucretius,
found
Her master cold; for when the
morning flush
Of passion and the first embrace
had died
Between them, though he
loved her none the less,
Yet often, when the woman
heard his foot
Return from paces in the

field, and ran
To greet him with a kiss, the master took
Small notice, or austerely, for—his mind
Half-buried in some weightier argument,
Or fancy-borne, perhaps, upon the rise
And long roll of the Hexameter—he past
To turn and ponder these three hundred scrolls
Left by the Teacher whom he held divine.
She brook'd it not; but wrathful, petulant,
Dreaming some rival, sought and found a witch
Who brew'd the philtre which had power, they said,
To lead an errant passion home again, they said,
And this, at times, she mingled with his drink,
And this destroy'd him; for the wicked broth
Confused the chemic labour of the blood,
And tickling the brute brain within the man's,
Made havoc among those tender cells, and check'd
His power to shape; he loathed himself, and once,
After a tempest, woke upon a morn
That mock'd him with returning calm, and cried—

Then comes the long sad cry of the pure Epicurean,
frenzied to find himself in the grasp of mean passions
altogether foreign to his nature, and whose presence

he is at a loss to account for; not the feeble agony of an easy victim, but the strong resistant despair that feels the struggle hopeless, but will die in the attempt to gain the mastery. The historical materials of this poem, remarks a thoughtful writer in *Tinsley's Magazine*, are "almost nothing; and it is noteworthy that such a superb monumental monologue should have been constructed from the vague and misty legend that Lucretius committed suicide after having been maddened by the administration of a love-potion. Whether he did so or not is a question probably never to be decided; but round the slender thread of this tradition the Laureate has moulded and modelled the most beautiful of the theories of Lucretius, and worked them into a poem that must throw the greatest of the Tiberside poets into a stronger relief than ever, and which must inspire in many minds an interest in him and his work not felt before. The poet's range of subjects includes none, or few, more noble than this of erecting a worthy statue of a fellow-poet; and when that fellow-poet is one of whom but little is known absolutely, whose death it is felt, *must* have been grand, though it is shrouded in mystery, to depict a fitting death scene is more than ordinarily meritorious. A gross conception would have imagined Lucretius as simply the victim of a vulgar mania, committing suicide as any miserable, low-lived patient might do. But the refined mind of the Laureate sees in the *libri sex* of the didactic poem *De Rerum Naturæ* stuff for no such slavish death. He knows Lucretius 'as gods know gods,' and construes the legend in phrases fully accordant with all that remains absolutely certain of the man—his great work. In that work he is a soldier in the cause of purity and truth; and Mr. Tennyson conceives him as utterly intolerant of himself when purity seems to have vanished from him, and truth has become obscure—once a soldier in the true cause, he will not desert, and he turns fiercely on the enemy of the cause, even if he himself be that enemy."

At the Commemoration of 1855, the University of Oxford, giving expression to the universal feeling of England, conferred on Tennyson the honorary degree of D.C.L., and the fellows of his own college, Trinity, Cambridge, endorsing the judgment of the sister university, subscribed to purchase his bust (by Woolner), which they have placed in the vestibule of their library.

What more need be said? Tennyson's biography, even more than that of most authors, is given (as an able critic truly remarks), so far as the public is concerned with it, in the simple enumeration of his works. He has lived for the most part retired, not much caring to cultivate "society," but much beloved, it is understood, by the circle of his most intimate friends. Since his marriage, some eight or ten years since, he has resided chiefly, as is generally known, in the Isle of Wight.

NATURE-PAINTED BUTTERFLIES.—Dr. John Lowe, of Lynn, has sent us a note in reference to a notice in one of our recent numbers of a collection of butterflies, the wings of which are mounted and the bodies painted in sepia. He says: "It may interest your readers to know of a somewhat differently prepared collection, the work of a deceased lady in this neighbourhood, which for beauty and perfection exceeds anything I have yet seen. They comprise two large volumes, one of butterflies, the other of moths, and though executed between thirty and forty years ago retain all the brilliancy of the recent insects. The mode of mounting is as follows: The wings, carefully separated, are laid on the paper, which is previously gummed to the exact extent of the surface to be covered, the surplus gum removed, blotting-paper laid over them, and pressure applied until they are dry. The wings are then removed, leaving a correctly nature-printed representation. The body, legs, and antennæ are then painted in colours. In the collection are many of our rarest British species, such as the Camberwell Beauty, &c. They are not always laid out open, but are in every natural position—with expanded wings, in postures of rest, or poised upon leaves or flowers, painted with extreme accuracy and with much artistic talent. The sheets on which they are displayed are mounted in a volume, furnished with a lock, and are thus kept from light and air. The result in the preservation of all their colours is most remarkable."—*Popular Science Review*.

MR. WARD BEECHER'S OPINION OF "OLD MAIDS."—"I have no sympathy with that rude, unfeeling, and indelicate phrase 'old maid,' which is bandied about in the mouths of rude, unfeeling, and indelicate persons. It is true that a selfish nature, cut off from all duties and ties, and sinking back into the solitary life of a selfish heart, becomes most unlovely and useless. But shall the few cloud the true nobleness of the many? How many older sisters, it may be unbelieved with outward comeliness, have entered into a brother's or a sister's family, and accepted all its cares as the duty of their life, and, joining hands with the mother, given to each child, at it were, two souls of love, like two wings of God, to help it fly up weathly from weakness and ignorance to manhood and strength! How many have cheerfully given up their own whole life, built no nest, sought no companion, but sang in the tree and near the nest, sought no companion's nest, patient in toil, watchful and laborious in sickness, frugal amidst poverty, rich in nothing but good works, and in these abounding in wealth! When the roll is read above, and they are named that lived in self-sacrifice, in gentleness, in patience, in love, and in the only triumph of disinterested mercy, they will beget unmarred and childless that they might more heroically serve the households of others, and become mothers to children not their own, shall stand high and bright. This tribute is certainly becoming in me, who owe so much to such a one—my father's sister—whose whole and long life was a noble illustration of fidelity and a picture of virginity such as was never dreamed of in olden days, nor approached in any age, and poetry that celebrated the virginal excellencies of those who were called the brides of God, because they chose his service rather than their own pleasure.

The Marlborough-place Mystery. A HUMOUROUS STORY FOR THE TIMES.



ARLBOROUGH-PLACE is situated in London in the W.C. district. It consists of moderately long rows of highly-respectable houses, opposite to each other, in the neighbourhood of certain squares of very fair middle-class standing. The houses are by no means too closely approximating; that would be vulgar, and Marlborough-place is essentially "genteel." There is a rather wide pave on either side of the road, always scrupulously white and clean, and suggestive of easterly winds, and a wide roadway paved with model flagstones, always white and clean and regular. Cabs rumble over them, and carriages, but no plebeian carts, except on the delivery of goods specially ordered for the use and behoof of one or other of the inhabitants. Pedestrian vendors of flowers and mats and crochet-work, and, it is to be regretted, organs also, during the forenoon haunt these genteel precincts—why

would be their reputations? Neither a gentleman who was at home between the early matinal hours and the return of twilight, for how, as Miss Bridget asked Miss Janet, could they with propriety allow a man the run of the house? Neither a single lady, for who knew what sort of character she bore? It was a suspicious thing for a woman to be alone in life, and especially wanting apartments. They were single it was true, but they were exceptions. Miss Janet knew that Miss Bridget never had an admirer in her life, and Miss Bridget knew that although Miss Janet had had an actual offer, she had refused it with disdain, as coming from an ensign in the regiment of which her father was captain. Unfortunately for her peace of mind, when she looked back upon the affair, the ensign eventually inherited a good deal of money, married a handsome widow, and lived in very good style in one of the best of the adjacent squares, quite ignoring the existence of anyone of the name of Batty. Fortunately for him it was so, for the fair Janet was six-and-thirty and he nineteen at the period of the afore mentioned overture. Janet had been tolerably good-looking in those days, now fifteen years gone by, but Bridget, her senior by five years, was always homely. Janet could not forget about half-a-dozen compliments that had been paid to her bright eyes, her small foot, her little waist, and the shape of her ears. Therefore she still curled her hair, and, be it whispered, restored the colour, which to a great extent had faithfully and cruelly fled. She followed the fashions as far as she knew them, refused spectacles, though purblind, adopted an enormous artificial chignon, and suffered a martyrdom of pain from tight boots. Miss Janet had not given up hope. For this reason she objected to widows as inmates—they were dangerous; for this reason she constantly grinned, to show a remarkably fine set of teeth; for this reason she assumed many fantastic airs, and fawned elegantly upon eligible bachelors. Whatever was unsatisfactory to lodgers in the household arrangements was the fault of "my poor sister Bridget." It was Bridget who would not wait for the bills, Bridget who edged in unjust extras, Bridget who objected to smoke, and who would put out the gas at eleven o'clock. Janet was *en bon point*, not to say untidily—Bridget was lean and hard to contemplate as a church steeple of the good old pointed pattern.

Now, at No. 40, opposite, they were not so particular with regard to widows as were the Misses Batty. Mrs. Sniggers was settled and could fear no rival. Nor would Sniggers have been altogether a loss had he taken it into his rather addled head to elope. Under the rose the better half supported household expenses out of her lodgers; the first floor paid the rent, the second floor the taxes and the servant's wages; extras, pilferings, and a bedroom for a single gentleman supplied the table. Under the rose, also—everything, as we have hinted, was done under the rose in Marlborough-place—Mr. Sniggers drank the profits and irritated the household, but very quietly and "genteelly," with his interperate whims and uncertain humours. In short, Sniggers was a household scourge, a skeleton in the closet, a dead secret. Outward deencies, however, were strictly maintained, and no brass plate in the whole street was brighter or bolder in all propriety than that whereon the name of Mr. Sniggers was engraved in elegant letters.

But the Sniggers received a widow; not an elderly, pinched, pale, sorrow-stricken woman—no, not a bit of it! But a young, handsome creature, whose cap was *à la Marie Stuart*, and whose gowns must have come from Regent-street, or some other first-rate locality. They rustled with richness, bustled with crape, and were distinguished enough to make the maids of all work and pages open their mouths and gape in admiration, and the Misses Batty hope everything was as it should be.

But they were on the watch. Suspicious circumstances arose. The first and foremost of these was a Venetian blind. The Sniggers' window was a trinity, a great, bold affair, three in one, and the grey Venetian blind, that sadly wanted painting, crossed the whole lot. First-floor windows were not kept so immaculately as ground ones in Marlborough-place, because they were comparatively out of sight and less calculated to stamp the gentility of the neighbourhood; moreover they were let out, and Marlborough-place wanted its money for itself, not for the convenience of lodgers, useful strangers, who were looked upon in the light of slaves, sent to be plucked to the uttermost feather.

From the day that the widow came this grey blind was never raised. The circumstance was so eminently suspicious that the Misses Batty resolved to watch, for the credit of the neighbourhood, as they said. It was by dint of watching that they discovered a widow inhabited the rooms; by dint of watching that they found out how young and pretty and elegant she was; by dint of watching that they detected that after her coming the blind was never raised.

"Depend upon it, Bridget," said Miss Janet, "there is something wrong in this."

"There is a mystery," responded the elder lady.

"All are not widows who call themselves so," ejaculated her sister.

"Alas! no, Jessie."

"The world is very wicked."

"It is indeed."

"And having a blind always down—"

"Indicates somewhat to conceal."

"You have uttered what I did not like to say, yet felt."

"Let us watch, for the credit of Marlborough-place."

"We will."

And they did. Not a single lady, or a married one, ever called on this pretty widow, but three gentlemen frequently disturbed her solitude. The first, a thickest man with short auburn whiskers, apparently about forty years of age, came almost daily. A grey-headed gentleman, who looked like a clergyman, called occasionally. After a while a young man of stylish appearance rode thither on horseback, occasionally at first, but frequently at last, and every time he came he tarried longer than the time before.

"The impudent huzzy, it is all plain enough," murmured Miss Janet, without mentioning what was so plain. "That blind quite marks the house."

is unknown, for no one renting a house or tenancing a part of a house in Marlborough-place would ever think of purchasing anything at the door, or of encouraging the grinding nuisance. Yet it is a palpable fact that these houses have each a gate in the railings that surround their basement floors, and a private flight of stone steps that descend to the kitchen and their offices. Is not that a sufficient explanation of such itinerant visitations? The doorsteps in Marlborough-place are all remarkably clean; the windows of plate glass as transparent and clear as sheets of crystal; birdcages of a solid character hang in most of the parlour-windows between crimson curtains. Where name-plates embellish the portals, they are brilliant as brass; that fain would pass itself off for gold, can be.

Now there is a secret about Marlborough-place, a great, solemn fact that its inhabitants—although no one is so vulgar as to know his or her neighbour—are unanimously agreed upon as if they had met together in solemn conclave, and passed the resolution at a local board meeting, to keep the secret. And what is this mighty mystery—this solemn truth in the history of a minute speck on the great map of London—kept so inviolate amongst its limited population? Why, nothing more nor less than the circumstance that lodgings are let there—handsomely-furnished apartments, as they call them, but strictly under the rose and for a comfortable consideration.

When neighbours happen to know one another, which is only in the event of a proper introduction, or on the score of family connexions, Mrs. A keeps up the fiction to Mrs. B that she inhabits the whole of her house herself, and that the piano going upstairs is actually next door, but the walls are so diaphanous to sound, or that the smell of a pipe comes in from the mews behind, and not down from the first floor; neither, on her part, is Mrs. B behindhand in the arts of dissimulation.

The Misses Batty dwell on the north side of Marlborough-place, and eked out a scanty income in the manner of the neighbourhood, but even more secretly and more fastidiously than most. They would not receive children on account of their furniture, and for the sake of their own characters, my dear, as they said to one another in strictly private conclave; for how could single women properly receive such young olive branches under their roof without acknowledging the humiliating fact of letting lodgings? Neither would they take a gentleman who smoked. Smoke could be smelt, and then, where

"Is Mrs. Sniggers out of her senses, or is she blinded?"
 "I think it is clearly our duty to call and inform her."
 "To remonstrate with her for the sake of the respectability of Marlborough-place."

Retiring to robe, the Misses Batty, who were slightly acquainted with Mrs. Sniggers, prepared to make a sortie upon her citadel.

Whilst they were occupied before the looking-glass a cab stopped at the house opposite, was laden with sundry boxes, and rolled away, bearing also the young widow and the grey-headed gentleman. This was unnoticed by the female guard of honour, the Misses Batty, who at the moment were consulting the mirror.

Sallying forth they crossed the trotter, and asked for Mrs. Sniggers. With due ceremony the maid of all work, hastily invested in a clean white apron, showed them into the vacated drawing-room. Mrs. Sniggers entered radiant with triumph—it looked so much as if the whole house were always her own.

"We felt it right, we thought it our duty," stammered Miss Bridget—

"To wait upon you regarding a lady, *soi disant*," added her sister, "who has been occupying these apartments."

"A dear friend of mine on a visit," interrupted Mrs. Sniggers; but she did not deceive the Misses Batty, who knew better, who knew Marlborough-place, and that it was a part of the local language to call all lodgers dear friends, or old friends, or friends of my husband's family on a visit.

"Indeed!" muttered Miss Bridget, with an emphasis suggestive of a hidden meaning.

"Yes," responded Mrs. Sniggers, with a malicious smile; "the Honourable Mrs. Ponsonby, a sweet young creature."

"Honourable? Well, it's easy to assume a name; but as for conduct?"

"And what about my friend's conduct, pray?" asked the Sniggers, ablaze.

"Is it usual, my dear madam, for young widows and honourable ladies to live alone and receive gentlemen visitors?"

"And pray did she?"

"To be sure."

"Oh! you have watched my house, have you? Upon my word, I am mightily obliged."

"And high time, I think."

"High time! What do you mean, Miss Batty?"

"Only that we could not help seeing a gentleman with auburn whiskers."

"The lawyer, settling our friend's affairs, which kept her in London, much to her annoyance."

"And an elderly gentleman."

"Her uncle, whose sacred calling at least might have disarmed suspicion. Much did he regret the necessity of her remaining a fortnight alone in London on legal business, and regret also the duties that did not permit him to be altogether with her."

"And a young sprig of nobility, I should say, on horse-back," added Miss Janet.

"That she is going to marry again. A baronet he is, a real sir, Sir Thomas Childerly."

"You've just been imposed on. I would believe it all but for the blind. Why on earth should she, if she is a respectable person, live in a respectable house for a fortnight and keep down the blind? Now?"

"Lack-a-merey! And the Venetian blind the cause of all this disturbance? Why, the string of it broke, and we weren't going to the expense of mending it so long as anyone would stay as it was—not but what she complained of the gloominess and dullness, dear soul."

"Well, come, that lets out what you wanted to deny, but which we knew well enough. And so your apartments are vacant, Mrs. Sniggers," spitefully cried one of the baffled spinsters.

"And so are yours, Miss Batty; and if it comes to that, it is not *only* your apartments, but *yourself* which is to let, also—leastways Miss Janet is, with her *jig-nong* behind."

"And Miss Janet won't be in a hurry to take an intemperate spouse, Mrs. Sniggers; so it is well for those to halloo who are out of the wood. And I wish you good morning and a new blind."

"And reformation in the domestic circle," added the elder Miss Batty; "and if you would just give Mr. S. this little tract, who knows but it might be the means of his conversion!" And she handed a bit of paper to the married lady.

"I tell you what it is," retorted she of the name of Sniggers, "let that Venetian blind be the means of your conversion. Banish your hatred and malice and uncharitableness; abandon your evil speaking and lying; and judge not that ye be not judged; and then, and welcome, you may go about giving advice. Many a fair fame has been blasted, many an innocent life blighted, by as trivial a cause as a broken window cord."

A week afterwards the papers announced the marriage of Sir Thomas Childerly, Bart., to Alicia, widow of the late Hon. Morton Ponsonby.

SILENCE.

When a sick man falls asleep,
 All the watchers silence keep;
 Silence, till he wake again,
 Roused from happy dreams to pain.

Hushed their breath, their voices die,
 Muffled feet move noiselessly,
 And the sufferer suffereth not,
 All his waking ills forgot.

Sweet one, I beseech of thee,
 As the sick consider me,
 While my heart has ceased to weep,
 Hush! it has but fallen asleep.

Almost dead, I slumber—
 Wake it not with touch or breath;
 Grant sweet pity mild and meek
 To the weary and the weak.

Wake it not, although it be
 Even from pain to ecstasy.
 Do not stir the dregs of ill;
 Let it slumber: hush! it be still.

Gossip from Ireland.

By EMERALD GREEN.



when, entering the house, he quickly captured the hawk, who, in his turn, he imprisoned in the cage. There he since remains, and for his maintenance two little wild birds are daily procured and killed. Against this course we utterly protest, thinking it very cruel. Don't you?

We noticed with great pleasure the account given in the LADY'S OWN for February 6 of the bird charmer in the Tuileries. We have watched him there ourselves with the utmost interest and pleasure—a pleasure all the more genuine because so new to us, we having hitherto been unaware of the existence of such a being. We were leaning against the white railings of one of the principal walks, listening to the performance of a magnificent band a short way off, when this gentleman came up, and whistling and chirping softly to the birds, they began to come and pick the crumbs he scattered at his feet, whilst one, perched upon his finger, gathered its meal from his open palm, and another, a dapper little cock sparrow, balancing himself deftly on the rim of his hat, proclaimed "to all whom it might concern" his high opinion of his fascinating friend and of himself, in his very best twitter. Half a dozen more sparrows quickly came, besides, in drapers' parlance, "a large and varied assortment" of other elegant little feathery trifles; and fluttering through the surrounding shrubs, flowers, and orange-trees, performing gymnastic feats upon the tops of the railings, dropping down confidently on the pathway or making insane little darts and curves through the air around him, they all seemed equally "charmed" with their gentlemanly and generous friend, and appeared to be as perfectly convinced as we were that no treacherous "birdlime" or cruel birdcatcher's net was lurking under all the soft cooing and whistling and chirruping with which he won them from their native shyness to his company. Neither did they appear, like him, to take any notice of or exception to our close proximity, so that we enjoyed in perfect unconstraint one of the prettiest, most novel, and veritably "charming" sights we witnessed in Paris.

Coming home from church on the Sunday before last was attended with consequences more ludicrous to the keepers at home, on that wild stormy day in Newry, than the participants in them. The town is situated very low, and at the bottom of the lowest street is situated the parish church—a fine building, by the way. Now, during the time the congregation were at service, the storm, which had been "blowing great guns" all the morning, rose to a perfect hurricane, and sweeping the tide up the river from Warrenpoint, submerged many of the streets in water, some to the depth of four feet, and completely surrounded the church. "What shall we do?" asked everybody of every other body, in every conceivable tone of voice, and with every conceivable expression of face, as huddled together in the aisles and porch after service, they stood looking much more like the "miserable sinners" they had confessed themselves to be a short time before, than when they did so in their well-cushioned, heated, and hassocked pews. Some adventurous ones proposed a boat, but the majority threw this idea overboard, when an adventurous knight, in behalf of the ladies, volunteered to make his way into the town, and let the carmen know the state of affairs; and soon after every car and cart to be had was put in requisition, and came jingling down to the rescue, and in this promiscuous and laughable manner, after two hours, the church was cleared. In the meantime several sturdy fellows were "turning a penny" by carrying people off on their backs, but, as it did not unfrequently happen, these jolly dogs, whether through mischief or accident, stumbled, when down came the horse-man and rider together, and then a general shout of laughter was set up at their expense, to be drowned only in turn by a fresh tumble and splash. Husbands with laudable gallantry and affection were also made the subjects of infinite quizzing and merriment, as they were seen struggling off with their wives, "For all the world," as one man said, "like a fox running off with a goose." A poor horse fell in a hired car with four ladies; but as hack horses in general are not in sufficiently good spirits to turn facetious or play practical jokes on occasions, we may all safely conclude that, whatever his human counterparts—the carriers, "the basties iv burden," as they were politely designated by the water-rats on the side walks—might do, he "didn't mean it." On arriving at their own homes many of the people stepped from the cars outside into impromptu causeways of hall chairs and stools within, and so on upstairs, to a contemplation from the second storeys of the watery waste without, and the practical and very deplorable waste of carpets and furniture upon their ground-floors within. In the meantime, whilst the Established Church was debouching after this fashion, the Unitarians on the off side were slowly crawling down a ladder placed from a window on the gallery and resting on a chair at the other end. How ladies with "nerves," or elderly gentlemen with "rheumatics" ever came down that perilous and highly-uncomfortable way we leave it to the imagination of the reader to determine.

And now, to conclude with an old countrywoman's prayer to ourselves the other day, "May you look well all the days in your life, and when y'er dyin' may dyin' become ye!"

The False Hair Trade of America.

WE have already fully set forth in these columns the extent and *modus operandi* of the English and French fashionable trade in hair, and it is not our intention, therefore, again to open that subject; but a few facts, by a well-informed and trustworthy American writer, as to "the wearing of the wig" in that young and vigorous country will not be without interest to our readers.

In comparison with the English, writes our informant, the Americans, as a nation, are fond of wearing wigs. In fact, in this age of blonde *furor* (spite of the capricious Parisian brunette fast peremptorily decreasing the dyeing of the blonde) a massively-adorned wig, of either of flax, gold, or auburn, bristling thick with lovely curls of one of the above colours, is no uncommon sight in the street, beneath which peeps a ragged telltale fringe of either black, chestnut, or iron grey, at the narrow edge of the serawny neck or upon the furrowed, time-worn temples, which at once convinces the sceptical observer that the wig is worn entirely for ornament, and of a hue indicating not Nature's, but the individual taste of the wearer.

As for the ladies—the dear creatures are privileged—and depending on Paris as they do for their complexions, figures, toilets, "bends," "twists," and *tout ensemble* generally, it is no wonder if they do as she says in the matter of their hair, and if Paris says *à la brunette* this season for a change, at least, is it a wonder if the golden-haired portiere of her devotees pause for a moment, ungutted in hand, ere they pour on the floating sunbeams the "perfectly harmless" liquid which instantaneously transforms their golden-hued threads into a mass of raven, chestnut, or rich auburn hair, at the will of the fair wearers? And yet they do complain, some of them. *La Blonde* had queneed it too long in Fashion's court to be displaced even for a season by her dark-haired sister rival. And at the brunette edict arose rebellion in her midst as well. Fair-haired women took their standard at once boldly in favour of their "flint-white locks." Brune cavaliers, of course, and not a few blonde ones as well, rushed gallantly to the rescue; and the result has been—even in the heyday of the popularity of dark hair and skins—a divided reign. Blonde hair has never been otherwise than fashionable, although for the last year or so dark also, of every tint and shade, has been equally worn and admired. The continuance of this prevalence of blonde *femmes* in Paris was probably due to the fact that the Empress's own exquisite *cheveux* is of the rarest order of golden auburn—a tint so rare among the French as to justify entitling her to the exhibition of great pride in its adornment and display.

About 2,000,000 dollars is set down as the annual amount expended by the city of New York for its false hair. Between five and six hundred hair-merchants distribute the hair purchased by this immense amount of money at both wholesale and retail establishments throughout the city and its environs. Beside these legitimate warehouses of the trade, within the few last years, since the demand has grown so great for the article, it is now sold in more or less quantity, in nearly every description of store but the dry goods, grocery, confectionery, and book store. Even in the milliners' establishments of the present day, among other scarcely more appropriate and hardly more becoming head-gear, beads, coils, twists, curls, chignons, entire and single; single bunches, long, curved, short, or bows of curls may be had of all hues and colours, at prices much below the Broadway figure. The hair kept at these places—if human hair at all, which is open to doubt (flax, manila, sewing-silk, old rope finely combed and oiled, besides a dozen or more other substances whose names have been unknown to the generality of readers, are exposed for sale at these places)—is of the lowest order and poorest possible quality—that, in fact, of the refuse and rejected description, principally cut from the heads of corpses and the lowest criminals. But, as a general thing, unless at a store of acknowledged repute, the hair (?) sold is of carefully untwisted, combed, and oiled rope, similar to that sold in any ordinary old junk shop.

Hair ranges from all prices upwards, say fifteen or seventeen dollars per ounce (and that for the black and indifferent shades of brown) to even as high as thirty or forty dollars for the same quantity. White hair, and all the lightest shades of blonde, golden, flaxen, and auburn hair, rank next in value. The darker shades come last, and much cheaper, in some cases costing not much more than half as much as the light. Naturally curling and wavy hair comes also as high as forty dollars per ounce.

The reason assigned by hair-dealers for the depreciation in the price asked for dark hair is that at least two-thirds of the entire world's market stock is in two colours—either black or very dark brown. The market advance in the price of hair of all colours has literally quadrupled itself within the last six years. The best hair-merchants always sell hair cut from living heads, never that severed from the head of a corpse; the reason being that there is no life in dead hair or that obtained from the dead, and that if either curled or wavy this peculiarity soon departs from it after a few days' or weeks' severance at utmost; therefore dead hair is never consciously bought by the *marchand de cheveux*. At least four times as much hair is now worn at a single hairdressing—save in the days of a century or so ago—than was worn in old (modern) days, and the elaborate arrangement of the *coiffure* for daily street promenade is something both curious and terrible for the uninitiated to contemplate.

The hairdresser of to-day complains bitterly that his trade is failing him; for, after the primary purchase of the entire wig, &c., his services, owing to the skill of the modern lady's maid, are no longer in requisition, as of old, for its daily dressing.

Between three and four tons is the almost incredible aggregate of human hair yearly appraised by the New York Custom-house for the city's use alone; 600,000 dollars more added to the before-given 2,000,000 dollars probably, in the opinion of experts, represents both city and country cash cost.

This raw human hair comes principally from Paris. In that city there are immense warehouses entirely devoted to its sale, which employ hundreds of skilled workmen entirely for the purpose of drawing, sorting, collecting, and packing hair of all ages, qualities, and tints. To America and elsewhere the hair is exported in great leathern or canvas sacks, in which are knotted from 100 to 150 pounds of human hair so closely as to cause the bag, on being touched on the outside, to seem about as hard as a rock. This hair is of every conceivable shade and variety, and is collected by European agents from all parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa.

In the States, although wig-wearers, the American people as well as the English have a great horror of parting with their own hair. The Germans and French, on the contrary, look upon it as rather an honour to supply the Parisian market with their bewildering locks. Most of our hair comes in a raw state from Paris. Much more than is imagined, especially since the late war, comes from the Southern States.

Lessons for Ladies ON PHOTOGRAPHIC COLOURING, MINIA- TURE PAINTING, ETC.



CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

THE first wash being dry, take a little rose madder and extract of vermillion, and with a few tenderly-applied touches, or washes, put the colour in the cheeks and lips; then—but with extreme delicacy and faintness—increase the depth very gradually and softly—touching upon the chin, the nostril, the upper eyelid, just over the eyebrows, the tips of the ears and fingers, knuckles, &c., with the same tint, rendering the effect more or less perceptible, according to the complexion desired.

Now mix a little raw sienna and cobalt (substitute emon-yellow or yellow ochre for raw sienna if the photograph is a dark one), and with the same delicate touches go over the outer portions of the shadows and the retiring surface of the face, over the entire sockets of the eyes, the lower jaw, and the lines where the hair and flesh combine, making the blue a little more perceptible when touching the temples, the lower lid of the eye, between the eye and the nose, &c., where the skin is thin and the veins perceptible, according to the directions obtained by consulting your model.

Upon the darker shades a little vermillion and raw sienna may now be touched, and upon the darkest a little pure vermillion used, thin and faint.

With a little rose madder and cobalt the retiring portion of the cheek and chin, the lower portion of the socket and under lid of the eye, may be carefully and tenderly touched.

A little indigo and raw sienna may next be used, with the same delicate care and faint, fairy-like, scarcely perceptible touches upon the edges of the deeper shadows, and where hair and flesh meet, blending and softening with patient skill one into the other.

Here and there the colour in the cheeks and lips requires strengthening; for this use a little crimson lake, or crimson lake and vermillion, or the extract of madder, carmine, as your thoughtful consultation of the model may decide.

Put in the pupils of the eyes with indigo; outline the iris with either the same colour or with sepia, according to its colour, stronger or fainter, as your photographic guide may indicate. If the eye is blue, use cobalt, or cobalt and indigo, or indigo, as may be required; if grey, use a little indigo and burnt sienna, or neutral tint; if brown, amber (burnt or raw, as may be most desirable), or burnt sienna, or Vandyke brown, or brown madder, being guided by the tone of the part to be covered, and the colour to be attained. Sometimes a little Chinese white will be required mixed with either of the above.

Proceed to strengthen all the lines, such as those of the eye and eyelids, the line dividing the lips, that of the nostril, the under or shadow line of the eyebrow, the soft line of shadow seen where the hair is thin and the

skin seen through it, using a little Indian red or brown madder, according to the strength of the photograph. A little madder brown may also be used to give strength to the cast shadows at this stage of your progress, and a little sepia to strengthen the outer and lower lines of the upper eyelids.

Now lay the print face downward on a stout, clean piece of plate glass, and with an agate-burnisher rub the back so as to restore the hardness and smoothness of the surface; and having done all this, your next task is to even up and give a degree of smoothness to the work, so far as you have proceeded, by stippling.

The hair next claims attention. A little sepia mixed with Indian yellow, or Venetian red, or burnt umber, or raw sienna, will be the first wash in some cases; in others, burnt sienna, or yellow ochre, or raw sienna alone, will be best; and in others, Vandyke brown, or a mixture of crimson lake, indigo, and sepia. This wash being dry, the various markings and shadows are strengthened, either with sepia, raw or burnt umber, or burnt sienna. A warm or cold grey, bodied with white, is next used for the high lights, which should be always colder than the local colour, but never in violent contrast with it, as it would then look hard and metallic. Beard, whiskers, or moustache may receive their local colour at the same time.

The background should be next washed in, so that we may have some idea of its influence on the parts already coloured. For this (unless the background be a very light or white one) a mixture of burnt sienna or Prussian blue, indigo, and raw sienna, or yellow ochre, will give a greenish or yellowish green, or over a dark photographic background, a dull olive shade. Sepia and Prussian blue, with crimson lake, or yellow ochre and blue black, will do best to cover a lighter background. For warm effects, Vandyke brown, madder brown, burnt sienna and sepia, light red and cobalt, or crimson lake and black, may be used. For skies, cobalt and madder pink, with (for clouds) yellow ochre, rose madder, and cobalt mixed, and also neutral tint, with or without light or Venetian red. A cool scale of shades may be obtained with French ultramarine and black, with crimson lake, indigo, and raw sienna, and with Vandyke brown, crimson lake, and indigo.

The colour being washed on the background, it must be evened up, and the draperies receive a wash of colour, which in its turn is also carefully evened up.

Every part of the photograph having received colour, some idea of the general effect is obtained, about which you should now begin to ask—

Do the colours harmonise, and are they calculated to aid in giving the flesh its best effect? Does the background relieve the head, and assist in giving breadth of light and shade? Has prominence been given to what may be graceful or picturesque? And have passages which are neither graceful nor picturesque been ingeniously subordinated, or lost in shadow? These and similar questions should occupy your mind at this stage of your progress; and upon the replies you may be able to glean from your own artistic knowledge and studious observation, what you next do ought to depend. Having studied your work in this way, and made any required additions or alteration, either by repeated washings on the drapery and background, or additional touches on the flesh with body or with transparent colours, as the effects desired may suggest, the only thing required is finish, and to this you accordingly now direct attention.

Now, finish is not making smooth and even, but round, forcible, and true; so, although there is no special reason why you should not even up and render smooth as you proceed, you must not lose sight of the more important elements of real finish.

In our next chapter, directions will be given for colouring in oil.

(To be continued.)

Art in the House.

HARMONY of colour and appropriateness of form in the finishing and decoration of our dwellings are essentials so frequently overlooked, that a few hints for general application may not be unacceptable. To select what may appear eye-pleasing without due reference to the relations which ought to exist between the several parts of a room seems to be the common practice, and so long as this is continued the result can hardly be otherwise than unsatisfactory.

It is only by proper attention to fixed principles—principles by which an artist is guided in painting a picture—that a consistent and harmonious combination of colours can be secured. Taking a room as a whole, and considering its effect as a picture, the colours of the carpet and of the walls form the chief masses in the composition, and necessarily influence every other component part. If the floor and the walls be of the same colour, there will be a deficiency of force and of effect from want of contrast; and, on the other hand, if of different colours, equally attractive to the eye, the effect produced would not be that of the whole, because a whole is the result of the co-operation of different subordinate parts with one principal part. While, therefore, they should not be of the same colour, they would be of colours that harmonise, or, in other words, look well together. For example, a very brilliant colour, such as crimson, in a carpet, may have a drab or other subdued colour in the curtains and paper; but then there should be a portion of the brilliant colour introduced in both, as bordering or ornaments. A glance at the views entertained on these points by acknowledged authorities on decorative art may prove useful.

Sir John Robertson, of Edinburgh, in describing a drawing-room which he caused to be decorated with especial reference to what is deemed the proper harmony of colouring in the principal parts, says: "There were only three decided colours throughout—viz., white, crimson, and green. The ceiling, cornices, woodwork, and canopies of the window-hangings, the ground of the walls, and that of the carpet, crimson; while the pattern on the carpet was a sort of tracery of creeping plants in green. The chimney-piece was of white marble, reach-

ing nearly to the ceiling, with a panel, equal in width to the opening of the chimney, filled with a mirror or looking-glass. The walls of the room were painted in imitation of morocco leather, enriched with roses in gilding, shaded by hand, and the whole varnished with copal. The woodwork was dead white, bordered with gilt mouldings. The window curtains were of a very simple form, being merely large curtains without draperies or fringes, and they hung in vertical lines so as to catch no dust. They ran on gilt wooden poles, and inside the cornice was a common French curtain-rod, on which ran a very fine but plain muslin sun-curtain, edged with crimson cherry fringe. The cords for drawing the curtains, instead of being concealed, were made conspicuous, and contributed much to the general effect; they were about the thickness of half an inch, of plaited worsted cord, with handsome terminations." In speaking of the general colours adopted throughout, he observes: "The whole of the crimson is, as near as practicable with the different materials, of the same hue, the lake for the walls having been first procured, and the silk and worsted dyed to match it. From this circumstance, and from its being contrasted by the green, and relieved by the white and gold, it has no more of a predominant hue in the arrangement than is perfectly agreeable, while it gives great distinctiveness in the pictures, and a general air of warmth and comfort, without appearing glaring and gaudy."

D. R. Hay, in his "Treatise on Harmonious Colouring," insists on the point that the colouring of rooms should be an echo to their uses. The colour of a library ought to be comparatively severe; that of a dining-room grave; and that of a parlour or drawing-room gay; while light colours are more suitable for bedrooms. Apartments lighted from the south and west, particularly in a summer residence, should be of a cool colour, while, on the contrary, those lighted from the north and east should approach a warm tone.

Pugin, in treating of the relations which interior fittings bear or ought to bear to each other, visits with some severity the usual mode of hanging window-curtains. He says: "The materials of these curtains may be rich or plain; they may be heavily or lightly fringed; they may be embroidered with heraldic charges or not, according to the locality where they are to be hung; but their real use must be strictly maintained. Hence all the modern plans of suspending enormous folds of stuff over poles, as if for the purpose of sale or of being dried, is quite contrary to the use and intention of curtains and abominable in taste; and the only object that these endless festoons and bunched tassels can answer is to swell the bills and profits of the upholsterers. It is not less ridiculous to see canopies of tomb and altar screens set up over windows, instead of the appropriate valance or baldachin of the olden time." He goes on to say that the origin and proper application of fringes seems to be but little understood. Fringe was originally nothing more than the ragged edge of the stuff tied into bunches to prevent its unravelling further. This suggested the idea of manufacturing fringe as an ornamental edging, but good taste requires that it be designed and applied correctly. In the first place fringe should never consist of heavy parts, but simply of threads tied into ornamental patterns; secondly, a deep fringe should not be suspended to a narrow valance; thirdly, no valance should be formed entirely of fringe, as fringe can only be supplied as an ornamental edging; and fourthly, fringe should not be sewed upon the stuff, but always on the edges. It is allowable at the very top, as it may be supposed to be the upper edge turned over.

TO EARINE.

Who had her very being, and her name,
With the first knots or budgings of the Spring.
But Jossion: The Good Shepherd.

SAINT VALENTINE kindles the crocus,
Saint Valentine wakens the birds,—
I would that his power could evoke us
In tender and musical words!

I mean, us unconfident lovers,
Whose doubtful and stammering tongue
No help save in rhyming discords
Since what can't be said may be sung.
So, fairest and sweetest! your pardon
(If no better welcome) I pray,
There's spring-time in grove and in garden;
Perchance it may breathe in my lay.

I think and I dream (did you know it?)
Of somebody's eyes, her soft hair,
The neck bending whitely below it,
The dress that she chances to wear.
Each tone of her voice I remember,
Each turn of her head, of her arm;
Methinks, had she faults out of number,
Being hers, they were certain to charm.

From her every distance I measure;
I think, every step of the way
"This road brings me nearer my treasure"—
"This road takes me further away."

And Love is my journalist also;
The good days and bad days occur,
The fests and the festivals fall so,
By seeing or not seeing her.

So friendly her face, that I tremble,
On friendship so sweet having hung;
But why should I longer dissimble?
Or will you not guess at the truth?

And that is, dear maiden, I love you!
The loveliest, brightest, and best!—
Happy the roof-tree above you,
The floor where your footstep is prest!

May some new deliciousness meet you
On every new day of the Spring,
Each flower, in its turn, bloom to greet you,
Lark, mavis, and nightingale sing!

May kind vernal powers in your bosom
Their tenderest influence shed!—
May I, when the rose is in blossom,
Enweave you a crown, white and red!

W. A., in *Athenaeum*.

Theatres and Amusements.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Boarding School—Harlequin Robinson Crusoe. Seven.

DRURY LANE.—My Wife's Out—(At a Quarter to Eight) Huss in Boots. Seven.

HAYMARKET.—Raising the Wind—Home—The Frightful Fair. Seven.

ADELPHI.—Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell?—(At a Quarter to Eight) The Dead Heart. Seven.

PRINCESS.—The Secret—(At a Quarter to Eight)—Marie Antoinette. Seven.

LYCEUM.—A Cup of Tea. Seven.

DUMFRIES.—The Young Man in Green—Saved—Harlequin Humpty Dumpty. Seven.

OLYMPIC.—Slasher and Crasher—(At a Quarter to Eight) Paper Kings. Seven.

ST. JAMES'S.—Deaf as a Post—(At a Quarter to Eight) Red Hands—Ballet. Seven.

GLOBE.—A Happy Family—(At Half-past Seven) Cyril's Success—Brown and the Brahmins. Seven.

STRAND.—A Widow Hunt—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—Hae and Dye. Seven.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Winning Hazard—(At Eight) School—Intrigue. Half-past Seven.

NEW QUEEN'S.—A Race for a Dinner—Not Guilty—The Birthplace of Volgers. Seven.

NEW ROYALTY.—A Loving Cup—(At Nine) Claude Duval—Family Jars. Half-past Seven.

HOLBORN.—Aunt Charlotte's Maid—Pettered—Lucrèce Borgia, M.D., La Grande Déesse.

GAITY.—The Two Harlequins—(At a Quarter to Eight) On the Cards—Robert Le Diable—Two Ballets. Seven.

ROYAL ALFRED.—The Wayside Inn—Whittington and his Cat. Seven.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN.—Scenes in the Arena, and other Entertainments. Half-past Seven. Morning Performances on Wednesdays and Saturdays at Half-past Two.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open at Ten.

PSYCHO-TEATRE.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy Minstrels: twenty-seven performers. Wednesday and Saturday, Three; Evenings, Eight.

MADAME TESSARD'S.—Waxwork Exhibition. Eleven till Ten.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

FEBRUARY 21. SUNDAY.—Second Sunday in Lent.

" 22. Monday.—Sun rises 7.3 A.M.

" 23. Tuesday.—Clock before sun 13m. 33sec.

" 24. Wednesday.—St. Matthias.

" 25. Thursday.—Sir C. Wren died, 1723.

" 26. Friday.—Full moon.

" 27. Saturday.—Sun sets 5.34 P.M.

Our Letter Basket.

TO THE READING PUBLIC.

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER may be obtained at the Principal Railway Stations, and of the Messengers throughout the United Kingdom. In the event of any difficulty, copies will be sent direct from the office; single copies, post free, for 4d.; three copies for 11d.

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TO OUR READERS.

WE shall feel obliged to our readers if they will kindly assist in promoting our circulation. They can do this:—

1. By encouraging their booksellers to enter a few copies weekly, and expose them in their windows for sale.
 2. By forwarding specimen copies to their relatives or friends in the provinces or colonies.
 3. By desiring their friends or neighbours to become subscribers.
- Those who reside at a distance from a bookseller can be supplied direct from the publisher, WILLIAM FREEMAN, 102, Fleet-street, E.C. And if any of our readers will send us the names of ladies who would be likely to subscribe, we shall be happy to forward specimen copies free. A stamp, however, should be sent, to defray the postage of each free copy.

* We have nearly ready portraits of Miss Marriott, Mrs. Stirling, John Stuart Mill, and others.

NAIAD (London).—Thanks for your sketch of the "spiral," we are always pleased to hear from subscribers in this way.

2. The French patent leather you could obtain, we have no doubt, at Mr. Norman's, Westminster-bridge-road.

MARION F. (Yorkshire).—We have never heard any complaints against the agency of which you inquire, or we should not have inserted the advertisement. More than this, however, we are unable to say, as we have nothing to do with the advertisement department, that being in the hands of our publisher.

TILLY.—The M.S. has reached us, and shall have our best attention at the earliest moment; you shall receive a private note.

X.—By this time you will have received the returned translations. On looking through them, we found the subjects treated were scarcely suitable for our columns.

EDITH S.—Letter received, but too late to be replied to fully this week. In our next number we will endeavour to afford you the information sought.

SNOWBALL (South Hackney).—The following is Miss Jewry's receipt for salmagundy. Take some veal or fowl, the whites and yolks of hard-boiled eggs, four anchovies, some cracked tongue and ham, red cabbage, and beetroot. Chop the white part of the veal or fowl very fine, and all the other ingredients separately, then place at the bottom of a small flat dish, a saucer or small china basin; make rows of the veal or fowl round it, wide at the bottom and smaller as you reach the top, arranging the ingredients according to their colour, as the white of egg on the beetroot, and so on. Salmagundy may be served in a variety of ways, placed on a dish without the basin; or the white of hard-boiled eggs filled with each ingredient, a small piece of the egg cut from the bottom to make them stand evenly on the dish, and garnished with double curled parsley.

HOUSEWIFE (Hull).—It is by no means our intention to discontinue publishing our collection of cookery receipts, as our current number will prove. This department has been merely left out for the last week or so through press of current fashionable news.

ISABELLA (Richmond).—In colours, satin ribbons, 3-in. wide, are more worn than velvets for the neck, unless the dress

be trimmed with velvet. They are tied in a double knot, with long ends, but no loops.

MRS. L.—You will find the following a very good receipt for quick-made plain custards, such as you require: Sweeten, say, a pint of new milk, beat into it the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two; strain it into your cups, and bake for a few minutes in a gay oven; or it may be thickened over the fire, and afterwards put into glasses as wanted. Custards made thus, from having no particular flavour, can be eaten with anything.

Our Exchange.

[For regulations, see our number for January 2.]

ZOOTROPE (Stereoscopic Company's), nearly new; beautiful point lace patterns; new mourning fan; music by good composers; Riego's Exhibition Tatting-book, &c. Wanted China flower vase, sandal-wood cardcase, locket, coloured scraps, or offers.—SYDNEY.

I AM still open to give, in exchange double the number of pieces of popular music for the songs asked for by me last week.—WILLIE.

I HAVE for exchange a lady's long gold neck-chain. Am open to good offers.—ELIZABETH JANE.

I SHOULD like to exchange monthly several of the best magazines, and would also give books and music, for a pretty fern-case, well stocked, suitable for the drawing-room.—BRAKE FERN.

I HAVE for exchange a Bartlett sewing machine on table, in perfect working order; also pair of spurs by Maxwell, and pair of plated hunting-spurs. Open to all useful offers.—QUID PRO QUO.

I HAVE for exchange a shower-bath in good condition; also two double guns, and various other things. Open to offers.—QUID PRO QUO.

We have forwarded letters to "Coquette" from Mrs. Blythe and "Jennie," and to "Phœnix" from "Fanciful."

The Lady's Own Paper.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1869.

THOUGH this is not a political journal, a few lines seem called for in reference to the great event of the week—the opening of Parliament on Tuesday last. Almost at the last moment, the hope that had been fondly cherished that the Queen would open the House in person was shattered by the announcement that the state of Her Majesty's health would not admit of the exertion, and the Address from the Throne was therefore read by the Lord Chancellor. Royal Speeches, at least in this country, have certainly not been gaining in interest or suggestiveness of late years, and that delivered by Commission on Tuesday formed no exception to the rule. The Address in reply was assented to in the evening without question and with but little debate; and the most casual perusal of the Speech must have satisfied every one in the afternoon that such would be the case. The only paragraph to which objection could be taken, at any rate from a party point of view, was that which referred to the proposed legislation in respect to the Irish Church. The introductory paragraphs, which as usual dealt with our foreign relations, passed, with two slight exceptions, without cavil. With peace abroad and at home, the Reformed Parliament commences its first session under the happiest auspices; and we re-echo the concluding prayer of the Speech from the Throne, that its labours may be brought to a happy issue, or at least that valuable time may not be wasted in finding mere "bones of contention" as an excuse for the prolongation of party strife.

The recent death of Lady Murchison has called forth from the pen of Frank Buckland a glowing but just tribute to her memory that we cannot but refer to, for to our readers may not be aware that it was she who first encouraged her husband to persevere in those studies that have rendered him so distinguished in the scientific world. Lady Murchison, Mr. Buckland reminds us, was the only daughter of General Hugonin, of Nursted House, Hants, so long Colonel of the 4th Dragoons. This regiment was also commanded by Lady Murchison's great grandfather in the old Flemish wars, and in quelling Lord George Gordon's riots. Lady Murchison's brother commanded the 4th Dragoons in the Peninsular war. To some the death of this estimable lady may be but as a passing event of the day, but those who know Sir Roderick will pause in the whirl of their daily duties, and, while his sorrow is still fresh, drop a tear of pity and consolation on his behalf. Lady Murchison was no ordinary woman, and the world of science owes her a deep debt of gratitude, for if her ladyship (then Mrs. Murchison) had not—nearly half a century ago—waxed her husband's powerful mind from the ordinary occupations of a retired Peninsular captain, and attracted his attention to the engaging pursuits of science, England might never have had occasion to be proud of the illustrious baronet, who has fought such a good fight for geology, and whose labours have caused English geological knowledge to be respected wherever civilisation and human industry have utilised the products of the quarry, the coal-mine, or the gold-field. In her younger days, when Sir Roderick's talents first began to develop themselves, she was ever by his side, whether (with

hammer and sketch-book in hand) on the southern and eastern coasts of England, the mighty Alps, Italy and Germany, the mountains of her husband's native highlands, or in the silent study where the great work on Siluria was penned. As early as 1826, Lady Murchison and her husband accompanied the eminent (now Sir Charles) Lyell through Auvergne, the South of France, and Piedmont, and when in Switzerland, in a later year, she made the sketch of the famous "Fossil Fox," now in the British Museum, which enabled Cuvier to characterise the animal. In after years, as her husband's judicious adviser and consoler, she stood by him in his hard struggles to establish his great and new classification of the older rocks. The outside world knew but little of the toils, anxieties, and perplexities which must be faced and conquered by men who have attained unquestioned scientific eminence, combined with the sincere personal respect of all classes, such as has fallen to the lot of Sir Roderick. The wife of such a man should therefore be honoured as having been the mainspring of his success. Lady Murchison was one of those rare and priceless wives who, without losing her feminine dignity, could, for better or for worse, sympathise with her husband's progress in life. She had a happy manner of receiving and entertaining the many foreign eminent savants whom it was Sir Roderick's delight, as President of the Geological and Royal Geographical Societies, to entertain with true British welcome in a strange land. This she could do not only with the ordinary observances of politeness, but her intelligent mind and great knowledge was such that she could converse with philosophers—especially astronomers—on their own subjects, and set them at ease in a manner which only those who have felt the power of her conversation can duly appreciate. The great Alexander Humboldt used especially to enjoy her society, and always wrote of her as "La spirituelle Lady Murchison." Among her female friends no one was more attached to her ladyship than that wonderfully gifted and accomplished woman, Mrs. Somerville, who in her ninetieth year is now bringing out fresh works on physical geography, and solving problems in transcendental mathematics. At the advanced age of eighty Lady Murchison's memory was most retentive, and she had a fund of anecdotes of things and persons now passed away. When Livingstone returned from the grasp of the lion in Africa, and became himself a hunted lion in London, Lady Murchison took the deepest interest in the great traveller, his wife and children; and to her Livingstone confided the care of the box containing the diploma of the freedom of the City of London, which had been conferred upon him amid general applause. The picture of her ladyship's favourite dog "Julich," entitled "The well-known inhabitant of Belgrave-square," by Sir Edwin Landseer, and her affection for her faithful guardian "Pincher" (who succeeded "Julich"), tells us of her kindness to dumb animals. The poor of her district will miss her much, for she was ever ready for works of charity—not indiscriminate donations, but true charity tempered with the tact and judgment characteristic of a wise woman.

Ladies who have not had the privilege of visiting the Crystal Palace during the past week, will be pleased to hear something of the exhibition of canaries and other British and foreign cage birds which was opened there to "private view" on the Friday, and to the public on Saturday last. The birds were shown in the tropical department of the Crystal Palace, under the superintendence of Mr. Wilkinson, who has on many former occasions proved his skill and judgment in arranging the materials for similar attractions. It cannot be said that the present exhibition differs in any essential particular from other bird shows which have taken place at the Crystal Palace, save in the fact that it contains 200 more entries than were included in last year's collection. As usual, the canaries, of which there are thirty-three classes (and some of them containing as many as eighty in each), preponderate to a considerable extent, and of these the most conspicuous, either for colour or form, and in some instances for both, are the clear yellow and the clear buff Norwich, the even-marked or variegated yellow buff Norwich, the clear yellow Belgian, the clear buff Belgian, the variegated or ticked yellow Belgian, the golden-spangled lizard, the silver-spangled lizard, the jonque cinnamon, the buff cinnamon, various forms of the goldfinch mule, and a few specimens of the linnet mule, &c. Amongst the birds of passage and migratory birds should be mentioned blackcaps, nightingales, redstarts, and siskins, or aberdavines; whilst the more familiar British birds comprised some interesting varieties of the bulfinch, the goldfinch, linnet, skylark, blackbird, song thrush, starling, magpie, &c. The miscellaneous foreign birds represented several most attractive specimens of the cockatoo, the grey parrot, green parrot, love birds (in pairs), paroquets, king parrots, Virginian nightingales, Java sparrows, wax bills, &c. The entire collection may be pronounced of sufficient merit to warrant the conclusion that the apparent improvements in these periodical exhibitions are certainly in proportion to the competition which the producers encourage amongst themselves. In the section devoted to canaries it has been so difficult to decide upon

claims to superiority, that although there are eighty in each of the first two classes, no more than three prizes have been awarded in either of them. In proof of the growing interest felt in these exhibitions, it may be stated that distance appears to offer no obstacle to breeders who desire to let the products of their taste and perseverance be seen where they are likely to be appreciated, for there were birds from Sunderland, Carlisle, Liverpool, Manchester, Nottingham, Derby, Plymouth, and even Ayrshire.

In Paris, as our readers are probably aware, the "negotiating of marriages" has long been a branch of business, just like the negotiating of shares, of cotton, coffee, houses, or horses. But the people engaged in it, a numerous and increasing class, now see their calling menaced. Their practice is to stipulate for a sum, which is usually five per cent., and to be paid by the husband out of the wife's marriage portion. The Civil Court of Paris has, however, just decided that all such conventions are immoral, and consequently null and void. This decision will cause dismay among marriage brokers, for the profession is not confined to those establishments for assisting bashful bachelors, of which the advertisements may be seen in almost every French newspaper. Many females, and some who would not be thought capable of having recourse to such expedients, live by this sort of traffic. They take advantage of their numerous relations to provide young spendthrifts who have squandered away their inheritances with wives of fortune. The unfortunate part of the transactions is that they are generally obliged to attribute a false value to the merchandise of which they have to dispose, and families are frequently deceived by the women who have a pecuniary interest in bringing about a marriage. They are, however, sometimes themselves taken in. One of those females had recently made up a match between a young lady of her acquaintance, possessing a fortune of 80,000*fr.* (3,500*l.*), and an individual who had engaged to pay her 4,000*fr.* (160*l.*) for the introduction after marriage. The man afterwards refused to fulfil his part of the contract, and the woman, who had his written promise, sued him, but lost the suit, on the ground that such bargains were opposed to public morality. In future the matrimonial agents must take their precautions; but this is not easy, fortune hunters have usually little cash in hand, however liberal in promises they may be. And now that their signatures are of no value, there is an end of the security of the profession; should it disappear altogether, there would be no great loss. It is right perhaps to remark that some years back the Courts gave a decision exactly contrary to that here referred to; but the law is proverbially uncertain. After all, London is happily a long way behind favoured Paris in respect of this bartering of human souls for money, even though the number of her mercenary marriages, if we may credit the dicta of the *Saturday Reviewers*, has been increasing of late years at a very rapid rate.

The Prince and Princess of Wales had an opportunity, very soon after their arrival in Egypt, of seeing an extraordinary ceremony, of which the special correspondent of the *Times* gives a long and interesting account. It is called "the departure of the pilgrims for Mecca," but it is in reality a procession of sheiks and holy men and the sacred Mahmel and Kisweh, escorted by irregular cavalry and guns, which leaves Cairo to go out to the real pilgrims encamped on the plain of Akbar. The Mahmel is a canopy of gold and velvet which was used to cover the saddle of the wife of the Caliph on her journey to Mecca. The Kisweh is the covering which is put over the temple at Mecca. The drive through the city to the spot where the sight was to be seen appears to have greatly amused the Princess, though now and then, when a refractory camel blocked the path, or a dog gave warning of some small personal grief or indignity, or the carriage was caught at a narrow corner by a stray portion of the procession consisting of dromedaries with far-extending platforms on their backs and chanting pilgrims, she evinced a little anxiety, which passed away in a moment. In due course (says the *Times* correspondent) the head of the procession emerged from under an archway at the opposite side of the esplanade, and came towards the dais where the Royal party were seated. It was preceded by men with sticks to keep away the crowd, and they certainly kept their sticks going in a way which would astonish a line of beaters in a home covert. Then came a crowd of men and boys chanting and shouting in front of the camels, one of which bore a canopy six feet or eight feet high of cloth of gold over the holy saddle; others sustained lofty saddles and saddle-bags, decorated with orange branches and short flagstaffs with banners; others carried holy hadjies or sheiks; and one was honoured by a peculiar, if not agreeable load—a very saintly personage, whose great merit it was and is to keep turning his head round on his neck, as if it were fixed on a universal joint, all the way to Mecca. This man, very fat and unctious to behold, was bare-headed; his grizzled, dark, and dirty-looking curly hair, divided in the centre, being his only covering from the blazing sun of Arabia. His body was stripped down

to the waist, and gave evidence that the holy man put on flesh very successfully in spite of his head turnings. His eyelids were half closed, and his fat face had an utter want of expression quite suitable to the head to which it belonged, which went round and round from right to left at every jog of the much more intelligent-looking camel which he bestrode straddle-legged. Year after year this holy man has turned his empty head in pilgrimages to Mecca, and seems none the worse—nay, all the better for it, though thousands of his fellow-pilgrims who do not turn their heads perish miserably. When the holy camel of the canopy came to the dais the young Pasha was handed the holy cord and kissed it, and then the chief sheik took it and kissed it, and the procession of camels, of singing men and shouting boys, and a turbulent straggling guard, defiled twice in a circle in front of the dais, while the guns of the citadel thundered out a salute.

In another column we give details of several fancy balls, and other fashionable amusements; still it will not be out of place to refer here to a private ball that has just been held in Paris, and was one of the most sumptuous of the season. It is not for that reason, however, that we mention it, but because it gives us an opportunity of speaking of a most costly jewel. It was at this ball of M^{me}. Ellisen's that the famous rough black diamond was seen, of which so much has been said. It was on the finger of an American gentleman, and although it looked very much like a large bit of coal, attracted much attention to himself. A happy man he whose hand is thus an object of envy! A lady's pearl was no less coveted; it was pink and pear-shaped, and said to be the *debut* of the kind in Paris. A third treasure was also envied; it was a wreath of flowers, made of precious gems, in the natural hues. Bankers' balls are ever splendid, but it is of rare occurrence that one star is not outdone by another, and here were three that could not be eclipsed. But to return to our black diamond. These jewels are more curious than the changeful chameleon, for they are mineral chameleons. The scientific say they are white diamonds in a state of interrupted formation, the crystallisation of which has been stopped by some unknown cause. But whether this be so or not, they are very dazzling when polished, their rays being white, and still reflecting every colour that strikes them. A set of white and black diamonds mixed forms the most brilliant parure, every black one multiplying the brightness of its neighbour, and *vice versa*. A peculiarity of the black diamond is that it cannot be imitated; it is invaluable, and—almost unattainable. After this, we fear our readers will know no rest until they possess a unique gem, but they may be assured that however costly their ornaments, they would hear of others still costlier somewhere. Thus, in the Imperial Treasury of Constantinople there is a dagger for some favoured sultana or houri studded with black diamonds. Then there is an emerald which weighs 300 carats, and a brooch for silken tissue with 280 bright gems. The chemisette, destined to the finest throat, has in the centre of a star of pearls a diamond of 50 carats, and there is a white snowy pearl as large as a pigeon's egg suspended from a chain of rubies, as pink and as rosy as the bride when a Pacha leads her to the harem.

New Books.

SERIALS OF THE MONTH.

THROUGH the pressure on our space last week, we were compelled to omit our usual notice of the current magazines, but we hasten now to fulfil that monthly duty; and if our notices are brief, we will promise the reader to make them at any rate to the point.

The *Broadway* (Routledge and Sons) is not particularly striking in its illustrations this month, but in other respects is a strong number. Mr. Henry Kingsley's "Stretton" is full of interest, and shows some good vigorous work; for Annie Thomas's novel, "False Colours," it is not possible to say so much; still, the current chapters are an improvement on the last three or four. The general articles include one on "Mistresses and Maids, by a Woman," which if it contains nothing particularly new, if we except the suggestions of the last few paragraphs, is at least readable; a slight paper on the "Stage in 1869;" the Rev. Newman Hall's "Impressions," this month devoted to a trip to Chicago; a short but suggestive paper on "Next-door Neighbours," by Julia Kavanagh; and last, but certainly not least important, a trifle by the late Samuel Lover, entitled "Illustrations of Irish Sayings and Doings." Indeed we cannot resist the temptation to give a quotation from this, illustrating as it does the true Irish character. We will choose for this purpose the introductory remarks, and the first three verses of the song:—

The heartiness of an Irish welcome is proverbial; the guest is requested to "make himself at home." Another favourite phrase of the host is, "just consider my house as your own." Jaded with professional toil, sick of city ceremonial, how welcome were the careless idleness and freedom of social intercourse which I experienced west of the Shannon! My Galway friend was a striking specimen of Irish irrepressibility and irresponsibility. "Get up when you like," said mine host, "and be down when you like, take any horse out of the stable you like, and what gun you like, and what dog you like, and what fishing-rod you like, and the gamekeeper or any hanger-on about the house you like, in short, do what you like, or I'll make you."

This truly Hibernian form of insisting upon my having my own way made me laugh, partaking so largely, as it did, of that whimsical figurativeness of speech redolent of the sod; but the kindly impetuosity of my host, in urging me to what he considered enjoyment, was so pressing that I could not find it in my heart to resist his entreaties.

However, the result of all this was that my health was thoroughly re-established; I felt myself again enabled to undertake my professional duties, though my hospitable friend strongly remonstrated against such a rash resolution, which he said was nearly as bad as committing suicide just as I was getting well—just as I was beginning to enjoy—to turn my back on the rural delights, and go again into the fog of the city. Oh! it was murder! Well, if I would have my own way, at all events there must be a farewell dinner before my departure, "Or I had better say rather," added my host, "we'll give you a wake before you bury yourself." And a rollicking dinner there was; and I wrote a song for the occasion, which was right well received by the jolly fellows who first heard it. If ever it is published, and readers like it half as well, I shall be satisfied. Here it is:—

DIARY OF A DUBLIN INVALID.

Poor Peter went down
A sick patient from town,
To his cousin, the sheriff of Galway,
Who promised a cure,
Quick, pleasant, and sure,
For he promises made in no small way.
"Now, Peter," says he,
"Just listen to me,
You must take my advice, and I'll stake you
A dozen of wine,
That your will shall be mine—
But do what you like, or I'll make you.
"You say you don't drink—
More's the pity, I think,
So, just for a season, you'll try it;
A dozen or two,
'Mongst a choice jovial few,
Is a gentleman's share—who'll deny it?
Don't think of your head—
'Tis by hearts we are led,
That's philosophy sound that I spake you;
So give your heart rein,
Put a curb on your brain—
But do what you like, or I'll make you.
"You say you can't fish,
Tho' you would wish
You could land a fine trout or a salmon;
You're afraid of wet feet—
That objection I'll meet—
With this simple remark—"tis all gammon!
Wet feet, I've no doubt,
Are a cure for the gout,
But should wet to the knees overtake you,
Plunge in to the hip,
For the deeper the dip,
The safer from cold it will make you."

St. Paul's (Virtue and Co.) is strong this month in those well-reasoned and exhaustive essays that have given it a distinct position in the magazine world. The two that have taken our fancy most in the current part are on "The Disposal and Control of our Criminal Classes," and "The Sermon Trade." The former of these is written with much literary ability and farsightedness, and the latter treats a not by any means virgin subject in an instructive and entertaining manner. We give a short passage concerning sermons:—

The average style of composition of the sermons is, on the whole, better than what might be expected. As might be naturally expected, the shades of doctrine are various. One series, to use the editors's words, "unfolds, in union with the Church's teaching, the entire rule of Christian faith and practice." The sermons, accordingly, which emanate from this source take high views of doctrine, dwell rather upon the leading than subjective religion, and would suit St. Alban's better than Islington. Another series is decidedly Low Church; but the majority are of that shade which the average country clergyman assumes, and which, like the Oxford mixture of his trousers, is neither one thing nor the other, but remarkably serviceable.

Cassell's Magazine (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) has been certainly running back in its illustrations lately, but we were scarcely prepared for the atrocious scrawl, bad alike in drawing, engraving, and printing, that is made to do duty for a frontispiece this month. This is the more surprising as Messrs. Cassell know how to turn out good work. Viewed as a whole, the number is rather weak in its general articles, but the interest of the leading story, "For her Sake," by Mr. Robinson, is increasing with the development of the plot. *Apologies* for engravings, we should like to know what good purpose, or indeed any purpose but that of terrifying the children, can be served by the publication of the first illustration to "Esther West" in this month's *Quiver* (same publishers). If Messrs. Cassell wish to maintain the popularity of their magazines, they must look carefully to this department of them, or their most ardent admirers will, we fear, begin to show signs of declension.

We have also received from Messrs. Cassell Part 15 of the re-issue of their deservedly successful *Popular Educator*, and the first part of a new illustrated serial work of merit, *Illustrated Travels*. The illustrations to this first instalment are really admirable, and the paper and print are all that the most fastidious could wish for.

The *Leisure Hour* (Religious Tract Society) treats us to a more than usually varied table of contents this month, but the paper most likely to interest ladies is a long one on American Domestic Life. In our next number we hope to be able to make an extract or two from this article. The *Sunday at Home* (same publishers) has an article by the Rev. Dr. Rule on the "Suppression of Monasteries in Spain," that will be specially attractive to a certain class of readers at this moment.

The *People's Magazine* (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), though it has apparently lost much of its freshness and piquancy under its new management, is generally pretty well sustained in its illustrations. In the current number, however, it gives a portrait of Dr. Longley, that could scarcely have been cut with harder lines or more carelessly printed. This is the more to be regretted, as the photograph from which it was copied is a very good one, and the drawing seems to have been fairly made. Of the articles, those on the "Weekly Meeting of

the Parochial Woman's Mission" and "Sleep" are likely to be read first by ladies.

The *Christian World Magazine* (James Clark and Co., 13, Fleet-street) treats us to a paper on "Incomplete Women," constructed after the pattern of the *Saturday Review* articles, but without one iota of their cleverness and "go" to use a vulgar but expressive word. The rest of the magazine is of the usual character.

The *Victoria Magazine* (Emily Faithful, Princes-street, Hanover-square) is not a bad number, but there is one feature in it that we can scarcely understand, that is, at least, if Miss Faithful be, as she is generally supposed, the editor of this magazine; we refer to the two pages taken up with laudatory notices from local papers of that lady's lecture on the "Claims of Women," interlarded with short original remarks as to the "great interest" excited in its delivery. Turning to the general contents of the *Victoria* this month, our fancy has been taken with a few lines by Alice B. Le Geyt, and we quote them, therefore, for the benefit of our readers:—

ON PERFECTION WITH IMPERFECTION.
There's naught in all this weary world of woe,
But hath its one side perfect, one side marred—
Grasp tight the perfect, let the other go,
And strive to bury deep what sin hath scarred.
If love be perfect, then will parting come,
And thus the Imperfection shows its heel;
If Love imperfect be, then is thy doom,
That neither grief nor parting thou may'st feel.
If souls united be, the outward life
Will seem imperfect, fraught with duty's claim,
But if the tie be bound not inwardly,
Then all most perfect outwardly will seem.
This is our fate on earth—it must be so,
Else would we never strive God's home to know.

The following we can do little more than announce: *Ami Duty* (Bell and Daldy), might be not inappropriately described as the home of the fairies; *Merry and Wise* (Hodder and Stoughton), good in all but its illustrations, and even these give promise of improvement; the *Mothers' Friend* (same publishers), suitable for distribution among the poor; the *Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle* (Hodder and Stoughton), is a monthly magazine, the scope of which is sufficiently indicated by its title; the *Student* (Groombridge and Sons), still continues Mr. Thomas Wright's papers on "Womanhood in all Ages of Western Europe;" the *Floral World* (same publishers), in addition to a variety of practical articles, gives this month an instructive paper on "Herbaceous Spiræas," with a capital coloured plate of "Spiræa Palmata;" *English Horae*, Messrs. Groombridge's new magazine, has not, we should fancy a very long career before it, if its artist is not capable of turning out anything better than the illustrations to the current part; the *Illustrated Photographer* (54, Paternoster-row), carefully edited; the *Young Gentleman's Magazine* (Routledge), deserves success in its new and amended form; *Golden Hours* (W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster-row), scarcely an average number; and the *St. James's* (49, Essex-street), thoroughly good in all but its illustrations.

NEW BOOKS FOR THE LADY'S LIBRARY.

Armstrong's (G. F.) Poems, 12mo, 6s., cloth.
Batemann's First Not, and other Poems, crown 8vo, 7s. 6d., cloth.
Belgravia, conducted by Miss Braddon, Vol. VII, 8vo, 7s. 6d., cloth.
Black in Silk Attire, a Novel, 3 Vols., crown 8vo, 31s. 6d., cloth.
Capelli's Songs by the Way, or Lonely Musings, 12mo, 1s., cloth, sewed.
Debreit's Illustrated Baronetage and Knightage, crown 8vo, 8s. 6d., cloth.
Debreit's Illustrated House of Commons, crown 8vo, 8s. 6d., cloth.
Debreit's Illustrated Peerage, crown 8vo, 8s. 6d., cloth.
Edwards's (M. Betham) Kitty, a Novel, 3 Vols., crown 8vo, 31s. 6d., cloth.
Ella's Musical Sketches at Home and Abroad, Vol. I, crown 8vo, 7s. 6d., cloth.
Home Thoughts for Mothers and Mothers' Meetings, 1s., 6d., cloth.
Howitt's Northern Heights of London, Hampstead, etc., crown 8vo, 21s., Kensington, Lockyer, and Leach's Village Wreath, 12mo, 2s., cloth.
Phillips's Millford Confirmation, a Tale, 18mo, 1s., cloth limp.
Town Talk of Cydia, by author of "One Foot in the Grave," 2 Vols., 21s.
Who's Who in 1869, 18mo, 2s. 6d., cloth.

Musical, Literary, and Art Gossipings.

The Court of Appeal in Paris has condemned MM. Lefranc and Dupontavisse, formerly directors of the Bouffes Parisiens, to pay, with costs, the following sums to various actors who have summoned them for breach of contract: 15,000 francs to Madame Thierret, 20,000 francs to M. Joly, and to MM. Thormas, Daubray, and Pericault sums ranging from 3,000 to 3,600 francs.

The sixth and last of Mr. Boosey's ballad concerts took place last week. The programme was as near as possible like the programme of the five preceding concerts, and seemed to give satisfaction to the large and intelligent audience. Miss Edith Wynne sang the "Mother's Dream" as delightfully as she has always sung it. The voices were truly artistic in style, the voices mingling in perfect harmony.

Mlle de Murska is decidedly popular at the Salle Ventador in Paris; she has sung in the *Sonnambula* as well as *Lucia*.

On the 31st of January Aubert entered on his eighty-seventh year, and was at the ball of the Hotel de Ville.

The performance at the St. James's Theatre conclude with a new ballet entitled *Arta*. This is a very elaborate production, occupying an hour in the performance, and bringing upon the stage a large number of dancers.

The chandelier of the Nouveautés Theatre, Paris, became detached from the roof and fell into the pit on Thursday evening last week, just before the doors were about to open, and the performance in consequence had to be postponed.

The Government of the Grand Duchy of Baden has just released publishers from the necessity of depositing a copy of their works with the authorities. This was one of the last vestiges of the censorship.

The magnificent mosaic portraits of Christopher Columbus and Marco Polo, presented by Venice to Genoa, have now arrived, and will shortly be exhibited in the great hall of the Turin Palace. The bust of Andrea Doria and Vittore Pisani, by the Genoese sculptor, Santo Varni, and sent in return to Venice, have already been despatched by the municipality.

Herr Kuhs has announced a series of Orchestral Concerts at Brighton, at which a great variety of classical compositions will be given, with the principal vocalists and soloists from London.

The anniversary dinner of the Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick Fund Association on Wednesday night, last week, was held at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of Lieut. Colonel Addison. Mrs. Stirling made her customary

speech, and was received with much applause. Mr. Webster afterwards addressed the meeting. The dinner was followed by a ball.

It is reported that the Bishop of Oxford is to receive 1,000l. for the papers which he is now writing for *Good Words*, and the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol is said to have refused 500l. to write in the same periodical.

We are very glad to hear that the Rev. Alexander Dyce—notwithstanding his illness, which has been aggravated by the damp season—is just completing his edition of the works of Ford, the dramatist.

The Windsor Theatre Royal has been completely restored by the present proprietor, Mr. J. Fremantle, at a considerable cost, and will, it is expected, be opened on Easter Monday by a performance by the "Windsor Strollers," an amateur company of officers of the Household Brigade and gentlemen.

The well-known philosopher and historian, Heinrich Ritter, has just died at Göttingen. He was born in 1791, and after having taken part in the War of Independence (1815), he commenced his career as a technical teacher in Berlin, whence he afterwards removed to Kiel and Göttingen. His works are too well known to require any special notice.

The excavations of the Temple of Bacchus at Athens are just now attracting the attention of antiquaries. M. Piot, a French gentleman, writes from that city that he has just discovered the remains (trunk and head) of a colossal Faun. What renders this discovery the more interesting is that M. de Longperier, after comparison of the measures given by M. Piot, has found that the proportions and form of the Faun are just those of the four caryatides in the Louvre. These last were known to come from the Villa Albani, but the place of their first origin had not been ascertained; the fifth is at the museum at Stockholm. There is now every reason to suppose that it is the sixth of these statues which has now been discovered, and that it formed, with others, the monumental decoration of the Athenian theatre consecrated to Bacchus.

On Monday week Offenbach's *Lüchen and Fritschen*, one of the prettiest and most melodious of his numerous pieces, was produced at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, Mr. German Reed and Meddle Rosa d'Erina sustaining its two characters. The lessee was very warmly received, and the audience appeared to highly appreciate the change in the programme. *Lüchen and Fritschen* will be played until a novelty by W. S. Gilbert can be produced.

The committee engaged in making arrangements for the banquet to Mr. Charles Dickens at his visit to Liverpool in April next, have decided that ladies should be admitted on an equality with gentlemen; the banquet tickets should recognise each; that the galleries should be utilised, supposing the banquet, as intended, would take place at St. George's Hall; that the Mayor should preside.

We regret to hear, says the *Orchestra*, of our distinguished painter, Millais, being seriously unwell.

The French Fine Arts Commission having declined to purchase the magnificent statue of "A Wounded Amazon," lately discovered near Rome, it has been purchased by the Prussian Government for 600l.

The authorial right of translation of "L'Homme qui Rit," which was announced to appear in *Once a Week* at the beginning of this year, is unavoidably postponed until the first week in March.

The Berryer subscription has now produced nearly 100,000fr. The project recommends the erection of two statues, one to the advocate, in the Salle des Pas-Perdus of the Palace de Justice, Paris, and the other to the politician, in one of the public squares of Marseilles.

The Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy Exhibition this year comprises Messrs. Watts, Leighton, and Hart.

A Bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature providing that in every paper or magazine shall be printed the exact circulation of the previous issue.

M. Gounod's *Tobias* has been recently given in Amsterdam, but it was indifferently performed, and made no impression. Schumann's *Faust* has also been lately done in the Dutch capital by one of its numerous musical societies.

The death is announced of Mr. George Mulvany, R.H.A., an amiable, highly-respected gentleman and accomplished artist. Few men, says the *Freeman's Journal*, were more entirely devoted to the advancement of art in Ireland than the lamented deceased, who was uniformly beloved and esteemed by all who knew him.

The Emperor has decided on having a new theatre built at Compiegne, on the model of that at Versailles, and to be finished by next autumn.

"The Gladstone Government: Cabinet Pictures, by a Templar," is the title of a political work which will be published in a few days by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

The first concert of the Philharmonic Society is announced for Wednesday, March 10, at St. James's-hall. The succeeding concerts will take place on Mondays, as in former seasons.

Mlle Marie Krebs, a young Dresden lady, who was solo pianiste at the late Alfred Mellon's concerts, is studying for the lyric stage. Her voice is said to be good.

Beethoven's music to Goethe's drama of *Emgont* formed the principal portion of the programme on Saturday at the Crystal Palace Concerts.

The artists of the London Stereoscopic Company are making a series of studies in illustration of "Her Majesty's Tower," for presentation in the first place to the Queen, and afterwards for the public benefit.

Last week at the Egyptian-hall the Siamese Twins, Chang and Eng, who were exhibited some forty years ago, and who have been shown nearly over the world, held their first reception at the Egyptian Hall. The twins are both married, we are told, and have nine children each. They are "assisted" at their receptions by two young ladies, who are stated to be their daughters. Strangely enough they are also "assisted" by a very pretty Circassian young lady, who possesses a magnificent head of hair. Anything more incongruous can hardly be imagined.

Is Mr. H. E. Bagshawe, Q.C., as impressive to the influence of interesting actresses as Mr. Commissioner Payne, the renowned amateur of the ballet? The other day Mr. Joseph Irving brought a County Court plaintiff against Miss Fanny Josephs for a week's salary. Judgment was (as we consider justly) given in favour of the defendant; but a certain question asked by the judge is suggestive as to the means by which justice may be helped. "Is the lady young?" asks the Court. "She is young," answers the counsel.—Judgment for the defendant.

The "Royal Original" Christy's Minstrels—the troupe of serenaders who have acquired a prescriptive right to the title by appearing at Court—opened in London on Thursday last week, at St. George's Hall. This troupe is unusually strong in numbers and variety, between thirty-six and forty performers appear on the platform in the opening or vocal part; and among these are no less than three "bones" and three tambourines. The songs and ballads, which are mostly of

the sentimental order of negro melody, appeared to give the most thorough delight to the audience, who encored nearly every number.

The decorations of the Queen's Robing-room in the Houses of Parliament, Westminster, are now completed. This chamber, although it has been erected more than twenty years, has never, even in the slightest extent, been used. As it now is, however, we have no doubt the public would be glad to be admitted to view Dyce's pictures from the Arthurian legends.

General Sabine, as President of the Royal Society, has sent out cards for two evening receptions, which are to be held on March the 6th and April 24th. We are glad to see that these pleasant gatherings are not to be discontinued, notwithstanding that by the pulling down of the west wing of Burlington House, the space available for company is less ample than formerly.

We hear that 29,000 volumes were added last year to the Printed Book Department of the British Museum. The Museum Library is now far the finest in the world, and is every year becoming worthier of its pride of place. Englishmen generally do not know either its extent or its merits. Has any reader of ours ever heard one of his countrymen, when bawling the inferiority of our art collections to those of Venice, Dresden, Munich, or Paris, console himself with the declaration that, in the more valuable treasure of books, our Museum is superior to the national library of any other city—any two or three of them put together, we may say?

Mr. Graves, of Pall-mall, a few days ago prosecuted Mr. Samuel Bunnett, a carver and gilder, living in Great Dover-road, Southwark, for unlawfully selling photographic copies of "The First Sermon," and other engravings, the copyright of Mr. Graves. The son of Mr. Bunnett was also charged with the same offence. Mr. Partridge, counsel for the defendant, on each of the twenty cases against him, making altogether 100l.; and in default of payment ordered him to be committed for one month in each case. The son was dismissed on paying the cost of the two summonses against him. The father was removed to Horsefonger-lane Gaol.

A new drama, in four acts, entitled *Not Guilty*, written by Mr. Watts Phillips, has been produced at the Queen's Theatre, Long-acre. It may be noted that a play of the same name, by Mr. Gilbert & Beckett, was some little time since produced in the provinces; with this work, however, we believe Mr. Phillips' *Not Guilty* has nothing in common but the title. The new drama at the Queen's is in the main of French extraction, and although the subject has undergone much qualification at the hands of the English playwright, the foreign origin of the production is still perceptible; indeed, it may be said that the slime of the boulevards is still over it all.

It is said that one of the London theatrical managers is about to give day performances of the drama.

Le *Ménestrel* publishes a letter from Mlle. Christine Nilsson, who, in reply to a communication from M. Bishenden, professor of singing, expresses herself strongly in favour of the adoption of the French "normal diapason" in England. "The reform," says Mlle. Nilsson, "is considered indispensable by all singers, and we look upon it as essentially necessary for the voice." Mlle. Nilsson feels sure that in adopting the French diapason the Italian theatres of London will obtain a much better execution, while they will spare their orchestras transpositions which are to be regretted, and which, among other things complained of by the composers, "compromise the tonal unity of their operas." Mlle. Nilsson offers a subscription for the purpose of renewing the orchestral instruments.

Great preparations are being made in the musical world for the performance of Rossini's unpublished Mass, which will be executed at the Italians. Albani, who has retired from the stage for many years, has accepted Mr. Bagier's proposal to appear once more, but for this special solemnity alone, and as an act of homage to the great maestro, whose death she so sincerely deplored. Strange to say, the celebrated cantatrice is excessively nervous at the prospect of once more coming before the public. Mme. Albani was quite willing to give her services gratis; but Rossini's widow having said to M. Bagier his right to execute this Mass at a tremendous sum, Mme. Albani, with great propriety, has demanded the usual terms for her vocal contribution to this musical festival. The anxiety to secure tickets is already so marked that he will not be able to place a box at her disposal, as is usually done in the case of an artist of her importance.

Il *Mondo Artistico* announces the death of Giovanni Ventura, an eminent poet, and Professor of Declamation at the Philodramatic Academy of Milan.

AFTER ALL.

THE apples are ripe in the orchard,

The work of the reaper is done,

And the golden wood is all so redden

In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage-door the grandiose

Sits pale in his easy chair,

While a gentle wind of twilight

Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him,

A fair young head is prest,

In the first wild passion of sorrow,

Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance

The faltering echoes come

Of the flying blast of trumpet

And the rattling roll of drum.

And the grandiose sighs, and a whisper—

"The end no man can see;

But we give him to his country,

"And we give our prayers to Thee."

The violets star the meadows,

The robusts fringe the dore,

And over the grassy orchard

The pink-white blossoms pour:

But the grandiose's chair is empty,

The cottage is dark and still;—

There's a nameless grave on the battle-field,

And a new one under the hill;

And a pallid, fearless woman,

By the cold heart sits also a whisper—

And the old clock in the corner

Ticks on with a steady drone.

W. WINTER.

The death of Dr. John Epps, the well-known homeopathic practitioner, is announced. Dr. Epps took an active part in the agitation for the Reform Bill of 1832, the Anti-Corn-law agitation, and other political movements of the last thirty or forty years. The death is also announced of Dr. James Wardrop, surgeon to George IV., and the author of several medical works.

London & Paris Fashions, Toilet, &c.



far more elegant for dinner or evening dress. Thus a robe of pale grey, with very long train, opening in front over a skirt of pink silk, trimmed with narrow flounces of

In fulfilment of the promise made in our last number, we proceed to give, without any unnecessary preamble, further general details of the novel costumes the leading features of which have been already referred to in our columns.

Dresses in the "Marie Antoinette" style—that is to say, open in front over an apron of another colour—are sometimes attempted for walking costume, but they are



EMBROIDERY PATTERN.

the same up to the waist. The grey skirt, which is very open, is fastened down each side by a thick ruche of grey silk pinked, in which are placed small bows of pink silk about six inches apart. The body, high at the back, opens square in front, and is edged with a ruche to match that on the skirt. Long sleeves, open to the elbow.

Another dress in the same style of ruby velvet; the tablier of white satin, with deep flounce of the same, headed by a ruche and bows of satin. Waistcoat and long sleeves of white satin; body of velvet, high at the back and open to the waist in front. Sash of white satin, lined with ruby velvet. Headress: Pouff of white blonde and ruby velvet. This dress may be made still more elegant by a flounce of blonde round the velvet train, and a blonde instead of a satin flounce across the tablier; and for slight mourning the same dress in black velvet and grey satin is very elegant, with a bow of scarlet satin or velvet in the hair.

A skirt of blue satin, over which is one of tulle bouillonnée, with ladder trimmings of blue satin ruches, one down the back and one on each side; two scarves are crossed, one over the other, so as to form paniers, fas-

bottom, and trimmed with lace up to the elbow. Coiffure: wreath of geraniums, or pouff of blonde with bouquets of geraniums.

A robe of blue satin, trimmed on tablier, with three flounces of the same, surmounted by narrow bouillonnées, also of satin. Body en cœur, with a double ruche of satin. Sleeves in two large bouillons, separated by a ruche of satin.

A toilet of tea-rose coloured satin, trimmed with very narrow flounces of quilled tulle reaching far up the skirt. A large apron of satin, cut pointed, and crossed with bouillonnées of tulle the same colour; across the back are six large bouffants of tulle, which are fastened to the sides of the apron by six bows of blue satin, and then carried up to the waist in front. Low body, cut square, trimmed with tea-roses.

A dress of white poult de soie, trimmed round with a fringe of lilies of the valley and fine grass, with here and there a sprig of lilies formed of fine pearls; over this are three tunics of tulle edged with the fringe, and raised by a pouff of lilies and grass. Low square body, trimmed round with the fringe. Headress—wreath of lilies of the valley, with long grass.

A robe of pink satin, trimmed with twenty-five narrow flounces of pink crape, pinked. Tunic paniers, of pink crape, very full, and caught up by three wreaths of Bengal roses and leaves. Body of pink satin, edged with two frills of crape and wreath of leaves and small roses.

Dress of white tulle illusion over white satin; at the bottom a flounce of tulle, plaited flat, about twelve inches wide; above this a bias fold of green satin, trimmed with blonde, falling over the flounce. Above the fold a bouillonnée, then a plisse of satin, and another fold and plisse still higher up the skirt. Tunic of green satin, very short, and trimmed with a flounce of white blonde and bouillonnée of tulle, edged with satin. This tunic is raised in the middle of the back and at each side by large bows of green satin. Low body of green satin, trimmed with blonde. Headress—a rosette of green satin, with white aigrette.

We have many other stylish and elegant novelties to describe, but owing to the demands made on our space this week by fancy balls, our remarks must be kept for another occasion.

THE DRAWING-ROOM AT DUBLIN CASTLE.

We continue from our last number the details of the many elegant costumes worn at the recent brilliant gathering at Dublin Castle.

Mrs. Hutton, Pembroke-street—Train and corsage of the richest bleu ciel velour epingle, lined with white glace silk, trimmed with fine Brussels point lace, headed with rouleaux of blue satin; corsage, alternate rows of white tulle and blue satin, with trimming of point lace; petticoat of very rich sky poult de soie, trimmed bias of satin to match, and magnificent tunic of Brussels point lace. Headress, point lappets, court plume, and tiara of diamonds; ornaments, diamonds.

Hon. Mrs. Curzon Smythe, Royal Hospital—Train and corsage of rich chene glace, lined with white Florence silk, trimmed with bows of ruby satin, tulle ruche and ruby satin bows; corsage, Marguerite, with panier, sash and bow; petticoat of rich white glace, with jupes of tarrare muslin, each jupe bound with bias of ruby and satin and satin bows. Headress, a court plume, lappets, and diamonds; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. Power Lalor—Train and corsage of rich rose satin de chene, lined with white Florence silk, trimmed with

Mrs. Pratt, Cabra Castle, Kingscourt—Train and corsage of rich mauve velour supreme, lined with white glace silk, trimmed with band of very fine Irish guipure and rouleaux of Lyons velour; corsage, a draperie of tulle and velvet, with fall of Irish guipure; petticoat of rich pearl grey poult de soie, with bouillonné jupes of tulle illusion, aggraffed with paniers and mauve velvet, and tunic of white tulle, richly embroidered in floss silk. Headress, a court plume, aigrette of diamonds, and Irish guipure lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Pratt—Train and corsage of richest white poult de soie, lined with Florence silk, trimmed with bouffons of tulle and soft blush roses; corsage, Rosalie, with panier and sash to match; petticoat of white glace, with alternate jupes of white and pink tarrare muslin, and bouquets of blush roses. Headress, court plume, tulle veil, and pearls; ornaments, pearls.

Miss Jemima Pratt (presented)—Exactly the same as her sister.

Mrs. Charles Barry—Train and corsage of very rich

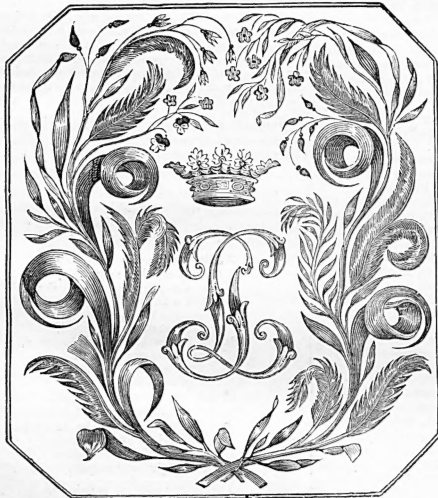


EMBROIDERY PATTERN.

rose velour epingle, lined with white Florence silk, beautifully trimmed with fine white Chantilly blonde and silver passementerie; corsage, Marguerite, with panier sash of same, trimmed with silver and blonde; petticoat of rich white glace, with bouillonné skirt of rose tulle, and tunic of fine Irish point lace. Headress, a court plume, Irish point lappets, and rose; ornaments, pearls and diamonds.

Miss Exham, Fitzwilliam-place—Train and corsage of very rich green and white satin antique, lined with white taffetas, trimmed with ruches of white satin and blonde lace; corsage, trimmed with tulle and blonde to correspond; petticoat of rich white glace, with jupons of bouillonné tulle; tulle tunic, embroidered in floss silk and bound with green satin. Headress, a court plume, blonde lappets, green velvet, and aigrette of diamonds; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Caulfield—Train and corsage of white poult de soie, satin rays, lined with white tulle, trimmed with puffings of tulle, bouquets of soft white roses, and silver cord; corsage, Rosalie, with panier and bow; petticoat of rich white glace, with bouillonné skirts of tarrare



EMBROIDERY PATTERN.

tened at equal distances by bouquets of flowers, fastened by bows of wide satin ribbon. Low body of tulle bouillonnée, and fichu "Fontanges" of white blonde. Sash of blue satin, fastened at the back in a rosette and double bow.

A maize satin dress, with wide lace flounce caught up by bouquets of geranium. Tunic of tulle gathered so as to form drapery, and sustained by three large rosettes of lace, with bouquets of geraniums as centres. Low body en cœur, with bias folds of satin and ruche of lace. This dress, trimmed with blonde instead of lace, is of course much lighter, and the same model may be equally elegant trimmed with black blonde, retaining the geraniums, and, if preferred, making the body high at the back, open to the waist en cœur, with long sleeves rounded at the

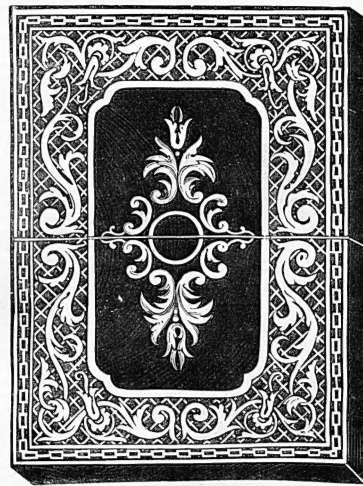
Irish point lace, and satin rouleaux; corsage, a draperie of satin tulle, and fall of Irish lace, satin panier and bow, petticoat of rich white glace, with bouillonné skirt of tarrare muslin, and volants of Irish point lace. Headress, a plume of ostrich feathers, Irish point lappets, and pearls; ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

Miss Carroll, the Mansion House—Train and corsage of very rich white terry poplin, lined with white taffetas, beautifully trimmed with rouleaux of Malines tulle, studded with pink roses, and headed with bias of white satin; corsage trimmed in draperie of white satin and fall of Chantilly blonde; petticoat of white gros de Suez, with bouillonné skirts of tulle illusion, looped with foliage and white roses. Headress, court plume and tulle veil; ornaments, pearls.

muslin, studded with soft white roses and silver cord. Headress, a coronet of jet, court plume, and blonde veil; ornaments, jet.

Mrs. O'Connor Henchy—Train and corsage of rich pearl grey gros de Londres, lined with white taffetas, trimmed with band of white satin, under black Brussels lace; corsage to correspond; petticoat of rich white satin with bouillons of tulle and Brussels lace tunic. Headress, Brussels lappets, plume of feathers, and azaleas; ornaments, pearls.

Miss O'Connor Henchy (presented)—Train and corsage of rich white glace silk, lined with marcelline, trimmed with puffings of tulle and white roses; corsage a draperie of tulle, white satin, and white roses; petticoat composed of bouillons of tarrare muslin over rich white glace,



DESIGN FOR CARD-CASE.

agraffed with bouquets of white roses. Headdress, a court plume, tulle veil, and white roses; ornaments, pearls.

Miss Comyns, Harcourt-street—Train and corsage of rich white point de soie, striped with rose satin, lined with white tulle, trimmed with a triple bouillon of Malines tulle intersected with rose satin rouleaux and noods of rose satin; corsage, Marguerite, with handsome rose panier sash and bow, trimmed with Chantilly blonde and silver galon; petticoat of rich white glace, with alternate jupes of rose and white tarrare muslin bouillon, agrafted with rose satin bands and edged with blonde lace. Headdress, court plume, tulle veil, and carnations; ornaments, pearls and rubies.

Mrs. Laurence E. Knox, Fitzwilliam-square—Train and corsage of rich mauve terry poplin, lined with white Florence silk, and trimmed with bias of white and mauve satin and Chantilly blonde; corsage, Marguerite, trimmed with white satin and blonde to correspond; petticoat of white glace silk, with side bouillons of tulle illusion and rouleaux of mauve satin, and edged with blonde lace. Headdress, court plume, blonde lace lappets, and lilac rose; ornaments, emeralds.

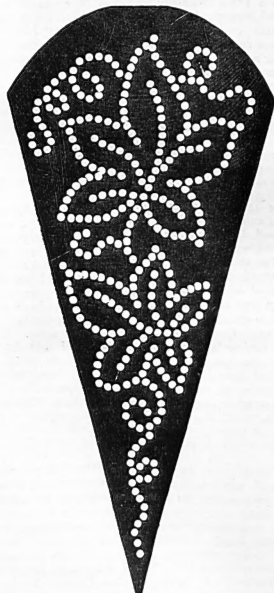
Mrs. White, Longbrickland—Train and corsage of rose du thé point de soie, lined with white tulle, and trimmed with fine Irish point lace and bias of satin; corsage, Marguerite, with panier sash; petticoat of white gros d'Oran, with bouillon tulle skirts and volants of fine Irish point. Headdress, Irish point lappets, court plume, and pearls; ornaments, pearls and diamonds.

Mrs. Phibbs, Sligo—Train and corsage of richest Lyons violet velvet, lined with white tulle, and trimmed all round with fine Chantilly blonde lace; corsage trimme, a draperie of violet satin and velvet, with fall of Chantilly blonde; petticoat of rich white satin, with bouillon skirts of tulle illusion, agrafted with bands of violet satin-edged blonde, and panier sash to correspond. Headdress, court plume and blonde lappets; ornaments, amethysts and diamonds.

Miss Phibbs—Train and corsage of rich white glace, lined with white Florence, trimmed with puffs of tulle and silver cord; corsage, Marguerite, to correspond; petticoat of rich white glace, with jupe of bouillon tarlatan muslin and tulle tunic, beautifully embroidered in floss silk, and edged with silver fringe. Headdress, court plume, tulle veil, and silver; ornaments, pearls.

THE BRIGHTON ANNUAL FANCY DRESS BALL.

If proof were wanting that the Brighton Annual Grand Fancy Dress Ball, when well managed and efficiently controlled, supplies a need in the round of local fashionable amusements, the proof would be found in the success, we might say the unprecedented success, of the recent ball. That 1,057 ladies and gentlemen should in this month and year through the Pavilion rooms at a gathering demanding no slight requirement for *entrée*, and entailing no little trouble or expense in costume, is a fact that establishes one of two propositions. Either Brighton contains an amount of fashion and wealth in this dull season that its best friends hardly give it credit for; or else the committee of the fancy dress ball had established for it a reputation that extends far beyond Brighton, and persons are found ready and willing to come from London and elsewhere in order to witness a scene and enjoy an assemblage such as can scarcely be paralleled elsewhere. We believe the second proposition to be the tenable one. It is a well known fact that



EMBROIDERED TEAPOT STAND.

as these fancy dress balls grew in repute a sort of post-Christmas Brighton season was being established. The committee of the ball fixed the dates with a good deal of skill and sound sense. The ball of each year cleared the Christmas season, when everyone is expected to be at home or amongst one's friends; and was well in advance of the meeting of Parliament, when a number of persons must be in town. Thus people got to see that a "run down to Brighton" at the time of this ball made a very

of scarlet and gold and black and gold, with a bordering of gold all round. The body was scarlet satin, laced with gold cord. A black gauze scarf with gold fringed ends was worn with it, and a red embroidered cap. Gold chains hung from the short sleeves to the wrist, and the white satin boots were laced with gold.

One of the features of the evening was undoubtedly the successful carrying out of four sets of fancy quadrilles that had been specially organised. The following are the particulars: The *Scott Quadrille* of Lady Westphal was danced by Miss Westphal, Miss Montagu Scott, Miss Edith Cole, Miss Clodine Coope, Miss Ida Robertson, Miss Parkinson, Mr. De Courcy Parkinson, Miss Pugh, Mr. De Vere Beaulerker, Mr. James Lees, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. De Laney, Mr. Parkinson, Mr. H. Cole, Mr. Turner, and Mr. O'Donnell Murphy. The ladies' costumes were as follows: White tarlatan dresses with gold and white Pompadour tunics; Scotch scarves tied on the left shoulder; heather in the hair (those ladies wearing the Stewart scarf, the badge of the Stewarts—a white rose), also an aigrette plume. Hair powdered with gold. The gentlemen for the most part wore Highland costume, but there were some uniforms.

Lady Gomm's *Army and Navy Quadrille* was upheld by Miss Kerr, Miss Fletcher, Miss Eliza Fletcher, Miss Whitmore, Miss Emily Whitmore, Miss Drummond, Miss Carr Lloyd, Miss Carr, Capt. Spencer Hale, Coldstream Guards; Capt. Glynn Turgand, Coldstream Guards; Capt. Bridger, 4th Dragoon Guards; Mr. Wilkinson, Indian Staff Corps; Capt. Drummond, Royal Navy; Capt. Boyle, Royal Navy; Mr. Ricketts, Royal Navy; Mr. Anstruther, Royal Navy. The ladies who represented the Army were Miss Fletcher, Miss Eliza Fletcher, Miss Whitmore, and Miss Emily Whitmore. They were uniformly attired in dresses of white bouillon skirts, white silk bodies, panier tunics, trimmed with red ruche and gold ornaments; red poinsettias in the hair. The ladies who represented the Navy were Miss Kerr, Miss Drummond, Miss Carr, and Miss Carr Lloyd. They were similarly attired to those ladies who represented the Army, with the exception of the trimmings being blue instead of red. The four gentlemen who represented the Army danced with fair representatives of the sister service; and the Navy gentlemen representatives gave their arms to lady representatives of the Army.

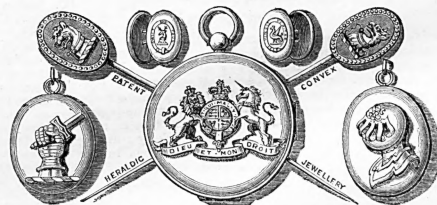
Mrs. Colonel Shute's *Irish Quadrille* was thus constituted: Miss Heneage Dering, Miss Hurlock, Miss Timmins, Miss Mary Laing, Miss Brage, Mrs. Shute, Mrs. Chaplin, Miss Fitzroy Mundy; Captain McDonnell, Captain Colquhoun, Colonel Shute, Mr. Halket, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Tynte, Mr. Dalton, Mr. Poppe. The ladies were attired in white, and each wore a broad light blue ribbon of the Order of St. Patrick across and fastened on the shoulder by a silver harp. The gentlemen all belonged to and appeared in full-dress uniform of the regiment, each wearing, in addition, a broad blue ribbon of the Order of St. Patrick across the breast with a silver harp pendant.

The Hon. Mrs. C. E. Petre's *Poudré Quadrille* was danced by the Hon. Mrs. C. E. Petre, Mrs. Lawrence, Miss Espinasse, Miss Caird, Mrs. Wilkinson, Miss Fane, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Searle, Sir C. Nugent, Mr. Woolley, Mr. Mitchell, Major Carpenter. Both ladies and gentlemen danced in this quadrille wore costumes of the period of Louis XV.

We are pleased to add that a surplus amounting to nearly 500l. will be available for the "charities of Brighton," in whose behalf the ball was given.

FANCY DRESS BALL AT WEYMOUTH.

We have yet another fancy dress ball of some importance to notice this week—namely, that held at the Royal Hotel Assembly-rooms, Weymouth. The following gentlemen acted as stewards: Henry Edwards, Esq.; M.P.; George Bishop, Esq.; John Turner Turner, Esq.; E. P. Cambridge, Esq.; Captain Pector, Colonel Shaden, R.H.A.; Major Acton, 51 K.O.L.I.; E. Theobald, Esq.; W. M. Leir, Esq.; J. R. P. Gooden, Esq. It was very



HERALDIC JEWELLERY.

pleasant break in the fashionable routine. This year the proportion of fancy dress was large—unusually so—particularly amongst the gentlemen. The ladies dealt rather with historical and dramatic costume, though there was a very good sprinkling of national dresses. The most uncommon female dress was that of an Eastern veiled lady, the wearer of which kept up the character admirably. The costume was most complete, even to the rude fan of native grass. The *poudré* dresses were also very rich and elaborate. There were some charming Watteau figures, both of the court and grove. The space at our disposal will not admit of our doing more than noting a few of the more prominent novelties in costume. Amongst these were a Queen of Hearts and a Queen of Clubs, both in white silk dresses, the one trimmed in character with tarlatan and rose-coloured silk, the other with green satin. A Queen of Diamonds also wore a white silk dress, made with a rose coloured plaiting, ornamented with diamonds. A Cherry Girl appeared in a cerise satin, with a white tunic caught up with cherries; there were cherries in the hair and round both neck and arms, even round the gold boots. La Rose was a short, pretty, simple dress of green and white tulle, worn over white, and caught up with pink roses. Evangeline was very much admired. The dress was blue, made with a square black velvet bodice, and a white chemise; round the neck was a large old-fashioned chain and cross; the shoes had large buckles on them, and the cap was a high picturesque Normandy one. Ceres appeared in short skirts of white silk, trimmed with scarlet, and caught up with gold wheat; the headdress was very becoming, consisting of white tulle, scarlet velvet, and gold wheat. *Bergère à Trianon*, *Campagne de Marie Antoinette*, wore a cerise satin petticoat with a skirt of silver satin over it, looped up with cerise flowers; the body was trimmed with old point, and a jaunty white straw hat was perched on one side of the head. A Greek costume was of course very telling. The jacket and trousers were of gold and scarlet silk, the skirt richly embroidered, and a sash of variegated colours hanging at one side. The white fez, completed the costume. *Zerlina* and a Roman Gipsy were pretty dresses. The former wore a tasty costume of cerise silk, with a blue body and black tunic, the latter the familiar Roman dress—viz., a white petticoat, with blue short upper skirt. The silver ornaments added a great deal to the effect. A Portuguese *Gitana* was attractive. The skirt of white satin was made short, with alternate stripes

well attended, and was a perfect success. We append the names of some of the ladies present, with a description of their dresses: Miss G. Warrington, Neapolitan peasant girl; Mr. F. Austin, Greek costume; Miss Austin, Night; Miss White, dame of the eighteenth century; Mr. G. Bishop, dress of George II.'s time; Mrs. Bishop, Louis XV.'s time; Dr. Smith, court dress Queen Victoria; Miss Bertwistle, water nymph; Miss Emma Hoey, Spanish girl; Miss Hoey, *soubrette*; Mrs. C. Lier, *Snowstorm*; Miss Davies, Lady Rowena; Miss L. Davies, *à la Watteau*; Miss Garrow, Night; Miss Syers, Spanish lady; Major Acton, dress of Louis

Quinze; Miss Whittuck, Undine; Misses Keene (3), Dawn, Red Ridinghood, and water nymph; Mr. Nugent, 51st Regt., Lord Rochester; Misses Stiffe, Swiss costume and Rococo; Mr. Holden, Knight Templar; Miss Harrison, Spanish girl; Captain Preto, British tar; Mrs. C. Astell, Charlotte Latremouille, Countess of Derby; Miss H. Swaffield, Alice Bridgorth; Miss Astell, Princess Zara; Mrs. Hinton Moore, Swiss costume; Mr. Levi, jester; Mr. Bird, 51st, dress of Charles I.; Mr. Leppins, 51st, Mexican costume; Mr. Hoare, Andalusian peasant; Mr. Dunlop, 51st, Hamlet; Mr. Taylor, Mephistopheles; Miss L. Festing, paysanne de la Normandie; Mrs. Eyre Hussey, convulsions; Mrs. Salmon, Louis Quinze; Miss G. Notley, Venetian lady; Miss M. Notley, Venetian lady; Captain Lamb, el matador; Dr. Reid, R.N., Knight Templar; Miss F. Patch, pink rose; Miss A. Barton, blush rose; Mrs. Hussey, court dress; Miss Jane Townsend, buttercup; Miss Townsend, pansy; Miss Patch, amber rose; Miss Hussey, geranium; Miss L. Hussey, Caracacus; Mdlle. J. Lloyd, soubrette du temps Louis Quinze; Mdlle. F. Turner, costume du temps Louis Quinze; Miss Constance Leir, dame du temps Louis Quinze; Mrs. Campbell Hoare, Mary Queen of Scots; Mr. Turner Turner, James II.; Mrs. Turner Turner, Cashmere lady; Mrs. Reid, poudré. As usual on such occasions, the *poudré* costumes of the ladies were very striking. Some of the prettiest of these, too, were inexpensive enough, though very effective; bright-coloured quilted silk petticoats worn short, with tunics of chintz over them, with a bright silk ruche the colour of the petticoat at the edge, and a little lace below it, caught up at intervals with bunches of ribbon. This, with a quaint square-cut body, showing a white stomacher in front, laced across with cord, and a jaunty straw hat on one side of the head, made very bewitching Watteau shepherdesses indeed. Of course there were others of a far more costly description. Bunches of flowers, mingled with diamonds, looked marvellously well on powdered hair, and the stiff old-fashioned brocades, which would stand alone almost, and in which no doubt some old ancestors had disported themselves a century or so ago, looked very splendid indeed, with fine old Brussels point looped over a gorgeous petticoat of crimson satin or amber satin.

HINTS ON DRESSING THE HAIR FOR FANCY BALLS.

Fancy balls being just now all the rage, a few hints as to the management of the hair for such occasions may prove very useful to at least some of our readers. The correspondent of a contemporary, who greatly admires the *poudré* costumes, and states that she has had considerable experience in such matters, writes as follows: "The most general way of dressing the hair when powdered is to turn it off the forehead in one high roll; for this the hair must be parted horizontally across the head to about the middle of the ear; then comb the front hair over the face and fasten a long frizzette across the front of the head; this frizzette should have a loop at each end, by which it can be tied to the back of the neck by a ribbon passed through them, which can be removed as soon as the front hair is dressed and the frizzette firmly placed. Then, having secured the frizzette in this manner, comb the front hair backwards over it. The difficulty here is to make the hair lie smooth, as it is apt to part and show the frizzette. This may be obviated by turning back half at a time, being careful not to divide it just where the parting would be, but on one side. The ends of the front hair are then tied in with the back, and nothing suits this style of hairdressing better than the double chignon worn very high at the back, with two long curls at the side; nearly all the powdered hair worn at Weymouth the other night was dressed in this way, except when a white wig was worn; and I strongly advise people not to do this for they are very hot and uncomfortable. But now I must try to explain to you the most difficult part of the process—viz., the actual powdering. To do this well, the hair must be well greased, and when quite dressed a powder puff filled with powder must be held over it with the right hand, the elbow of the right arm being violently jerked by the left hand, so that the powder is well scattered over the hair. It is astonishing how easily, and in how short a time, it is thus made perfectly white. It is very necessary to put a great deal of pomatum first and plenty of powder afterwards, for you must allow for a good deal of it falling off quickly. In this way a maid can do it quite as well as any hairdresser, which is sometimes an advantage, for on those occasions they are often in great request, everybody wanting them at once; and one is often obliged to have the hair dressed hours before the time, or not at all."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our first three illustrations present suitable subjects for embroidery on pocket-handkerchiefs, or, embroidered on silk or satin with coloured sewing silk in raised satin stitch, they form designs for beautiful sachets and pin-cushions, especially in cherry colour on a white satin ground. To work them, trace the design on tissue paper, tack it to the material, and run the outline fine in silk. Then tear away the paper. Raise the work by running the silk several times backwards and forwards in the thick places. Make up with a cord, either white or cherry. If a pin-cushion, put a little powder scent in the wadding.

INDIAN CARDBOARD.

A plain white wooden cardboard can be purchased at a fancy artist's. Trace the design and paint the black portion with lampblack, constantly repeating the process until the black is sufficiently dark. Afterwards it is varnished.

TEAPOT STAND.

This is made in scarlet, white, and blue cloth, embroidered with white and black beads, and placed in alternate sections, working white beads on the colours, and black on the white.

THE CARDBACK IN LEATHER-WORK.

Can be executed from the illustration.

CONVEX HERALDIC JEWELLERY.

We give an illustration this week of the patent convex heraldic jewellery, to which we referred in a recent

number; and it may be well to add, for the benefit of our London readers, that specimens can be seen at Mr. Green's, 82, Strand. The chief novelty of this invention is, that through it an impression from a seal or ring is copied raised on lockets, studs, sleeve-links, &c., in the precious metal.

The Ladies' Garden.



The season is so remarkably mild and fine at present that ladies may, between the showers, find much profitable employment in their flower-gardens now, while indoors a sufficient number of plants should be actually in flower or pushing into bloom to afford them much pleasurable occupation in inclement weather. Still, we are compelled to write with great caution, for, though, as we pen these lines, the temperature is like that of April or May, we should not be greatly surprised if before they are in the hands of our readers we are plunged for a brief space into mid-winter, as it were, and any way we may reasonably expect sharp nocturnal winds, not only this month, but next. We must not, therefore, be so far deceived by the present as to neglect providing means of protection from the weather for the many plants that have been forced into bloom.

Having thus premised, we will now bring together a few useful hints of general applicability, and first as to the lawn. This should be well rolled frequently, and swept to get a firm level bottom for the mowing machine, which will shortly require to be put into requisition. Lawns that have a very mossy bottom should be gone over with an iron rake, and have a dressing of soot or guano. Good liberal feeding is the greatest enemy to moss and daisies, as it enables the grass to grow vigorously and smother both. Turf laid down now will get nicely rooted before the hot weather, but left much longer than this, it is unable to get established before the sun acquires power, and consequently either gets dried up or requires a large amount of labour in keeping it watered just at a time when it can be ill spared.

Our principal enemy in pits and greenhouses is the mildew, for it is worse than green fly; it must be met with a dust of sulphur and warmth, keeping up fires to heat the house so that the damp may be let out by opening the top lights. In pits without heat or the means of heating, we must do our best with sulphur, throwing open the lights every day in the day, and closing them whenever the air is damp. When garden frames are placed on the bare ground, the coverings from the earth are always damaging, for the water that soaks into it when the plants are watered creates damp, for which reason it is better to make the bottom impervious to wet by paving or concrete, laid rather sloping, so that whatever water goes through the pots should run away. Many fancy that a good coating of ashes, or gravel, or tan, will soak up the water, without dreaming that it comes up again.

Among the plants in the house, there is plenty of amusement in picking off the dead and discoloured leaves, for, independently of their ugly appearance, the infection spreads, and a collection of geraniums neglected would very soon lose half their foliage. The fly must be destroyed as soon as it appears, by fumigation or syringing with some of the washes that kill. *Gishurst's* compound, Fowler's insecticide, or, if you can get neither, strong soap, which, however, is not so good as either. Certain operations—such as potting off rooted cuttings or seedlings, changing pots that are full of roots for larger ones, sowing of seeds of the kinds you want to push, stirring of the surface of the soil where it has got closed, and here and there top-dressing a plant that wants help—these are all necessary duties, that force themselves upon us by the mere necessity of the various subjects, and do not all press at once.

Clematis, honeysuckle, and other climbers, may be planted with advantage at this season. Let them have the advantage of a well-manured and deeply-dug border. Those making little or no growth take up, and add a little fresh soil and manure to give them a fair start. The undermentioned clematis comprise the best at present in cultivation; and may add that this is a capital time for buying them in, as the plants travel better, and can therefore be sent by rail with less expense than when in full growth: *C. azurea grandiflora*, *C. Sophie*, *C. Amalia*, *C. Fortunei*, *C. Jackmani*, *C. rubro-violacea*, *C. rubella*, *C. Prince of Wales*, *C. flammula* (sweet-scented), *C. lauginaea*, *C. lauginaea candida*, *C. viticella venosa*. The first four flower through the end of spring, and the beginning of summer, the others blooming through the remaining part of the summer and autumn.

Among our favourite window plants is the myrtle, both the broad and narrow-leaved. Like the camellia it is a splendid evergreen. Bloom or no bloom, it is beautiful, and those who indulge in window plants should always allow it to take a place, and also the camellia, which will agree with the myrtle in any weather short of hard frost, and agree with the myrtle. If economy be the object, the polyanthus and common primrose may be adopted until the more tender things will stand hardships. Both the myrtle and camellia would do outside in mild days. The wallflower is a general favourite, and the double ones, both the blood-red and golden yellow, make good window plants. The heptatica is a fine spring plant, covered with flowers, blue, red, or white, before they show a leaf. The double primrose—lilac, crimson, white, or yellow—are all fine pot plants; and many sorts of the Alpine auricula come among the earliest spring flowers.

Calceolaries strike best in a cold frame. And now all the side shoots that are an inch long may be taken off, and the tops of all the tallest branches. All that have struck of the earlier cuttings may be taken off for the same purpose. The same should be done with the lobelia. The sweetest hit will root; and it should be noticed that the plants raised from cuttings flower sooner, and they grow more compact than plants raised from seed, which have more straggling habits and vary in colour. Cinerarias are throwing up their bloom stems, and the principal one should be picked off, when all the lateral shoots will bloom at the same time.

The following general directions we epitomise from the *Gardener's Magazine*—

FLOWER GARDEN.—*Annals.*—Sow some of the hardy kinds in pans to get them forward for planting out. Californian annuals, such as Clarkias, Godetias, Eschscholtzias, Viscarias, Nemophilas, Candytufts, &c., may be sown in the borders where they are to bloom. Sow in circles, and thin out when large enough.

Roses.—This is a capital time for planting own-root roses struck last year to form beds. The ground must be well pulverised, and as the Teas and Noisettes are rather tender rooted, and amongst the best of bedding roses, a little extra preparation will not be thrown away. Work into the soil if rather heavy a liberal proportion of leaf-mould, sand, and then thoroughly decayed manure. Plant firm, and water when they are starting into growth, if the weather happens to be very dry. The following are all good bedders: *Craioise Supérieure*, *Fabvier*, *Belle de Florence*, *Archduke Charles*, Mrs. Bosanquet, *Fellenberg*, *Ophirie*, *Miss Glegg*, *Aimée Vibert*, *Caroline Marniesse*, *Gloire de Dijon*, *Devonensis*, *General Jacqueminot*, *Giant des Batailles*, *William Jesse*, *Malame Giot*, *Anna Alexieff*, *Lion des Combats*, *Prince Léon*, *Comte d'Eu*, *Gloire de Roussmes*, *Souvenir de la Malmaison*, *Bouquet de Flore*, *Acidale*, and *Sir Joseph Paxton*.

Protect tulips from sharp frosts and heavy rains. The protecting material must not remain too long, or it will draw them up too tender, and spoil the bloom. Borders in which are planted herbaceous plants without anything to indicate their future position must not be touched until the new growth begins to show above the surface; if done before, a large portion will be either injured or destroyed.

CONSERVATORY.—*Camellias* are now flowering freely, and must have regular attention. The plants must not be allowed to suffer from drought at the roots; when this happens, either the buds fall before opening, or the flowers immediately after their expansion. Because this plant has thick leathery foliage, and consequently shows but little signs of distress at the time, people fancy that it can be subjected to all sorts of checks without injury. The day of reckoning, however, follows none the less surely, in the shape of dropping buds and falling flowers. Air, when warm and soft, must be freely circulated amongst the plants in bloom; it dries up every trace of dampness, and thus assists the flowers to retain their freshness. Cold winds, as long as possible, should be kept at a distance, and are excessively injurious to plants that have recently been removed from the forcing-houses.

FRAMES.—Sow various annuals, in the way of Balsams, *Globe Amaranthus*, *Portulacas*, *Schizanthuses*, *Stocks*, *Cobseas*, *Lophospermums*, *Acroclimms*, and *Maurandias*. Ventilate freely after the plants are up to keep them stocky. Continue the propagation of bedding plants, and give plenty of air to all hardy subjects in frames.

Cookery and Domestic Hints.

PONCUPPE PUDDING.—Take half a pint of Patna rice; half a pint of milk; six eggs; peel of one lemon; a spoonful of ratalia flavoured; sugar to your taste; and some sweet almonds. Boil the rice in the milk until very tender, then add the eggs well beaten, the pounded sugar, the peel of a lemon grated, with a flavouring of ratalia, or essence of lemon. Mix all the ingredients well together, and boil them in a mould for an hour and a-half. When done turn it out, cut the almonds (after they have been blanched) into long streaks, and stick them all over the pudding as it comes from the mould. Serve with a rich custard.

CRISPS, OR FRENCH PANCAKES.—Well beat the yolks of four eggs, mix them into a pound of flour; add a glass of brandy, and, with an equal quantity of good ale and water, dilute the paste until it is of the consistency of cream. Let this remain for two hours before using, then put a piece of *friture* as large as a walnut in a frying-pan; hold it over a clear fire until it smokes; put in enough batter to cover the bottom of the pan, and when nicely browned on one side, turn it, and as soon as it is done, serve with lemon, ginger sauce, or spiced sugar apart. Put in another piece of *friture* for each succeeding pancake you have to fry.

The following American receipts, brought from New York by Mrs. Howard Paul, the popular vocalist, have been kindly forwarded to us by that lady.

TO DRESS TOMATOES AS A VEGETABLE.—Skin four large tomatoes by throwing them into scalding water for two or three minutes (after which the skin will come off as easily as from a ripe peach), then cut them into thin slices, and put them into a little saucepan, with a lump of butter at the bottom, and layers of tomatoes and biscuit crumbs alternately. Season with pepper and salt; and a very little piece of onion, if you like, but very fine given a very delicate flavour, whole over a clear fire until it is thoroughly amalgamated; about fifteen minutes will suffice to cook this most delicious preparation.

TO FRY SARDINES.—Always use the large-sized fish, take as many as you wish to use from the box, wipe the oil from them, and fry them in butter, or an egg whipped, and then strewn thickly with biscuit crumbs, and fry as you would any other fish; serve on a hot buttered toast. A little red pepper added when eating them is a great improvement. This is an agreeable, economical, and most useful dish for luncheon or supper, and quickly prepared.

TO FRY OYSTERS.—Use the large-sized fat oysters, wipe them dry, and pass them through whipped egg and biscuit crumbs, and fry them in butter over a very hot fire. As soon as they are a light brown they are done; they must be turned in the pan to brown both sides, and served on a hot napkin garnished with parsley. They should be eaten with brown bread and butter, lemon juice, cayenne pepper, and raw celery, and sent to table the instant they are cooked, as if allowed to stand they become hard and unpalatable.

TO MAKE MUSHROOMS.—A very rich and fat oyster soup, very small, one pound of tips cut very small, three quarts of mussels, and four large tomatoes, and a breakfast-cupful of biscuit crumbs, an onion cut into thin slices. First cook and beard the mussels, and add them, together with the liquor from them, to all the other ingredients, season with pepper and salt, and sweet herbs to taste, and let the whole simmer gently for about eight hours, keeping it well stirred and skimmed.

Biscuit crumbs are in all cases better for use than bread crumbs, and more economical. The plain thick water biscuits can be pounded to a flour, and kept in a tin always ready for use.

ANOTHER NEW READING.—Man proposes, but woman accepts.

A boy named John Cole, son of a labourer, hanged himself a day or two since at North Molton (North Devon) because his mother refused to give him a halfpenny. Several children were present when he committed the act, and they gave an alarm, but when assistance arrived he was dead.



THE COURT.

THE Queen and Princess Louise, attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps, drove to Ryde on Tuesday last week. Lieut.-General Seymour attended on horseback. Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice walked in the grounds.

On the Wednesday afternoon the Queen drove out, accompanied by Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice; and Her Majesty walked and drove in the grounds on Thursday morning, accompanied by Princess Louise, Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice also went out. The Bishop of Peterborough arrived at Osborne.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Dowager Duchess of Athole, drove out on Thursday afternoon.

Countess Blucher arrived at Osborne on a visit to Her Majesty. The Bishop of Peterborough and the Rev. George Prothero had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family. The Hon. Harriet Phipps left Osborne.

The Queen, accompanied by Prince Leopold, drove out on Friday afternoon; and Her Majesty walked and drove in the grounds on Saturday morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Louise and Prince Leopold also went out.

The Bishop of Peterborough left Osborne.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise, and attended by the Duchess of Athole and Miss Macgregor, drove out on Saturday afternoon.

The Duke and Duchess of Argyll arrived at Osborne, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family. Lady Elizabeth Campbell also arrived. The Hon. Eva Macdonald left Osborne.

On Sunday morning Her Majesty, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Osborne. The Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting were in attendance. The Rev. George Prothero officiated.

The Queen and Princess Louise have recently given sittings for statuettes portraits of Her Majesty and her royal highness to Mr. J. E. Boehm, at Osborne.

The Queen, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice went out in the grounds on Monday morning.

The Queen held a Council on Monday at one o'clock, at which were present: The Earl de Grey and Ripon, the Right Hon. William Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, and Viscount Sydney. The Duke of St. Albans and Lord Lytton also arrived, and were introduced at the Council, and sworn in members of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council. The Earl de Grey and Ripon, the Right Hon. William Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, and Viscount Sydney had audiences of the Queen. Mr. Helps was Clerk of the Council. After the Council the Queen entered the drawing-room, when Viscount Castlereagh was introduced by Viscount Sydney (Lord Chamberlain), and kissed hands, and received the badge and wand of office on his appointment as Vice-Chamberlain. The Duke of St. Albans was then introduced by the Lord Chamberlain and kissed hands, and received the badge of office as Captain of Her Majesty's Body Guard of Yeomen of the Guard.

The Duke and Duchess of Argyll and Lady Elizabeth Campbell left Osborne.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise, and attended by the Hon. Horatia Stopford, drove out on Monday afternoon. Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice walked in the grounds.

Countess Blucher left Osborne on Tuesday.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN EGYPT.

A correspondent at Cairo, writing on the 5th inst., says:—“The Ariadne, with the Prince and Princess of Wales and suite on board, cast anchor at Alexandria at 8.20 A.M. on Wednesday, the day before yesterday. Colonel Stanton, Her Majesty's Agent and Consul-general, Her Majesty's consular body at Alexandria, and some of the Viceroy's officers there, were received by the Prince on board. After breakfasting his royal highness and party landed at the railway jetty, where the leading members of the British community awaited them to present an address, which the Prince (desiring to avoid the formality of its being read) directed to be given to one of his staff. The Princess graciously accepted a bouquet from the youngest daughter of Captain Willoughby, R.N., Her Majesty's Naval Superintendent of Transports at Alexandria. The Prince, Princess, and suite then entered the viceregal train in waiting for them. His royal highness was pleased to command the attendance of Colonel Stanton at Kaf-er-Ziyat, where the royal party stopped to lunch, and arrived at the viceregal palace of Kasr-en-Nil at ten minutes past 5 P.M. The Viceroy, attended by his Ministers, received his august guests on the platform, about thirty yards from the garden entrance to the palace. Mr. Read, Her Majesty's late Consul at Cairo, his successor, Mr. Rogers, and the consular staff, together with Mrs. Stanton and a few other ladies, were present at this reception, which was over in a minute or two. His highness conducted the Princess on his arm to the palace, the Prince and suite immediately following. As it was now becoming dusk, his highness merely led his guests through the large central hall of the palace to the opposite entrance, where state carriages were in attendance. Near the opposite entrance mentioned and within this hall were ranged on each side such British subjects, ladies and gentlemen, as had been privileged with an *entrée* for the purpose of welcoming their royal highnesses on arrival, and it was here that an address was handed by a gentleman on behalf of the British residents at Cairo to his royal highness, who was graciously pleased to order Colonel Read to take charge of it. His highness the Viceroy having handed the Princess and Prince into their appointed carriage, himself entered, taking the front seat, which was remarked as an extraordinary act of courtesy on his part to his guests, and accompanied them to a palace prepared for their accommodation in the Elzbekieh, where, having seen the Prince and Princess comfortably lodged, he left them. His royal highness the Viceroy was at a theatre in the evening, where his highness has recently had built adjacent to the Palace. Yesterday morning their royal highnesses went to see the procession of the departure of the Mahdi, or embroidered covering of the Ka'beh, and pilgrims for Mecca. After luncheon, they proceeded *incognito* to the bazaar, and to-day will see various sights, and to-morrow afternoon will take their departure, in a magnificent suite of boats prepared especially for them by the Viceroy, for the Upper Nile.”

THE QUEEN'S LEVEES AND DRAWING-ROOMS.—Notice has been given that Her Majesty will hold a Levee at Buck-

ingham Palace on Friday, the 5th of March, at three o'clock. The following regulations to be observed have been officially issued by the Lord Chamberlain. The noblemen and gentlemen who propose to attend Her Majesty's Levee at Buckingham Palace are requested to bring with them two large cards, with their names clearly written thereon, one to be left with the Queen's page in attendance, and the other to be delivered to the Lord Chamberlain, who will announce the name to the Queen. Any nobleman or gentleman who proposes to be presented to the Queen must leave at the Lord Chamberlain's Office, St. James's Palace, before twelve o'clock, two clear days before the Levee, a card with his name written thereon, and with the name of the nobleman or gentleman by whom he is to be presented. In order to carry out the existing regulation that no presentation can be made at a Levee excepting by a person actually attending that Levee, it is also necessary that a letter from the nobleman or gentleman who is to make the presentation, stating it to be his intention to be present, should accompany the presentation card above referred to, which will be submitted to the Queen for Her Majesty's approbation. It is Her Majesty's command that no presentations shall be made at Levees except in accordance with the above regulations.

On Wednesday, the 10th of March, a Drawing-room is to be held at three o'clock. The following are the regulations: The ladies who propose to attend Her Majesty's Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace are requested to bring with them two large cards, with their names clearly written thereon, one to be left with the Queen's page in attendance, and the other to be delivered to the Lord Chamberlain, who will announce the name to the Queen.

Presentations.—Any lady who proposes to be presented to the Queen must leave at the Lord Chamberlain's Office, St. James's Palace, before twelve o'clock, two clear days before the Drawing-room, a card with her name written thereon, and with the name of the lady by whom she is to be presented. In order to carry out the existing regulation that no presentation can be made at a Drawing-room excepting by a lady attending that Court, it is also necessary that a letter from the lady who is to make the presentation, stating it to be her intention to be present, should accompany the presentation card above referred to, which will be submitted to the Queen for Her Majesty's approbation. It is Her Majesty's command that no presentations shall be made at the Drawing-room except in accordance with the above regulations. It is particularly requested that in every case the name be very distinctly written upon the cards to be delivered to the Lord Chamberlain, in order that there may be no difficulty in announcing them to the Queen. It is not expected that gentlemen will present themselves at the Drawing-room except in attendance on the ladies of their families.

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur will, by command of the Queen, hold Levees at St. James's Palace, on behalf of Her Majesty, on Friday, the 12th of March, and on Friday, the 19th of March next, at two o'clock. It is the Queen's pleasure that presentations to his royal highness at these Levees shall be considered as equivalent to presentations to Her Majesty. The regulations to be observed at the Levee held by Her Majesty in person will be followed at those held by his Royal Highness Prince Arthur on behalf of Her Majesty.

Notice has been given, that the Queen has been graciously pleased to permit gentlemen attending Her Majesty's Court to wear either of the following dresses, instead of the present “Court dress”: For Levees—Dark coloured cloth dress coat, single breasted, with straight collar, gold embroidered collar, cuffs, and lapels, and gaiters. White waistcoat, without collar. Dark coloured cloth trousers of the same colour as the coat, narrow gold lace stripe on the sides. Black cocked hat, with gold lace loop and button. Sword, similar to that worn with the civil uniform. White neckcloth. For Drawing-rooms—Coat, waistcoat, hat, and sword the same as for Levees. Cloth breeches, of the same colour as the coat or black. Black or white silk hose, shoes, gilt buckles. Or for Levees—Black silk velvet dress coat of the same shape as described above, with gilt steel, or plain buttons. White waistcoat, or black silk velvet, without collar, with similar buttons, but of smaller size. Black silk velvet trousers. Black cocked hat, with gilt or steel loop and button. Gilt or steel handled sword, with silk shoulder-belt. White neckcloth. For Drawing-rooms.—Coat, waistcoat, hat, and sword, the same as for Levees. Black silk velvet breeches, black silk hose, shoes, gilt or steel buckles. In Morning.—A cravat to be worn on the left arm. It is to be understood that these dresses will be worn at Court by those gentlemen only who have no naval, military, or civil uniform. The present “Court dress” will still be recognised at Her Majesty's Court. Detailed information as to the new Court dresses may be obtained at the Lord Chamberlain's Office.

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Lord and Lady Cairns have returned to town from the Continent.

Lady Penrhyn arrived in town a few days ago from Cannes. The Earl and Countess of Malmesbury have arrived at their residence in Stratford-place, from Heron Court, for the season.

Lady Langdale has left Claridge's Hotel for the Continent.

DEATH OF LADY ARABELLA BANERMAN.—We have to record the death of Lady Arabella Banerman, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess Delaware, the wife of Sir Alexander Banerman, Bart. Her ladyship was confined of a daughter on the 9th inst., and died the following morning. The infant child is alive. Lady Arabella was born in 1835, and married, in 1860, Sir Alexander Banerman, Bart.

Lady Sebright's private theatricals will take place on Tuesday, March 9.

FUNERAL OF LADY MURCHISON.—The funeral of this lamented lady took place on Saturday, the 13th inst., at the Brompton Cemetery. Though attended personally by relatives only, the cortege, which proceeded from Belgrave-square, included the carriages of Bunsen, de Bunsen (the Russian Ambassador), the Duke of Wellington, K.G., the Earl of Clarendon, K.G., the Marchioness of Ely, the Countess Dowager of Essex, Lord George Guin, Viscountess Stanford, Sir Samuel Baker, Mr. Francis Alston, Mrs. Johnstone, Mr. Ralli, &c.

The Lord President of the Council and the Countess de Grey entertained a select party at dinner on Saturday at the family residence in Carlton-gardens. Later in the evening the countesses gave the first of a series of receptions on Saturday during the month.

The French Minister of State some days back charged M. Chassaigne-Goyon, Councillor of State, to preside over the ceremony of fixing the seals on the property at the residence of the Princess Baciocchi. The funeral of the Princess took place at Korne-et-Hout, in Brittany. The Bishop of Vannes officiated in the midst of a numerous clergy, and pronounced a panegyric on the deceased. More than 15,000 persons attended the passage of the procession. All the authorities

of the department were present in uniform. The populations were evidently anxious to make an imposing manifestation of regret for their benefactress.

A communication from Monaco states that the Queen Dowager of Prussia and the Duchess of Genoa came over from Mentone to take the Duchess back to visit the Prince, and were received by his highness and family at the palace with all due honours. After having partaken of a *déjeuner* and made a promenade in the gardens the visitors took the train to return to Mentone.

The Countess Metaxa's funeral took place on Saturday. Her wish was for it to be conducted privately, and only a few of her connexions and friends in town followed the deceased countess to the Brompton Cemetery, where there is a family vault. Amongst those present were the count and his two sons, his son-in-law, Mr. Crawshaw Bailey, Sir Thomas Parkyns, Bart., Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, Mr. Salmon, Mr. John Briggs, &c. With the decease of the lamented lady many families are going into mourning. The service was performed by the Rev. Bury Capel, Vicar of Abergevy.

The mortal remains of the Baroness de Norman were placed in the family burial place of the Northampton family at Castle Ashby on Friday last week. The late Baroness de Norman was daughter of Major-General Douglas Maclean Clephane, whose eldest sister married Spencer Joshua Alwyne, second Marquis of Northampton.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has taken the Duke of Devonshire's villa at Chiswick, lately occupied by the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, for a term of three years.

We have to announce the death of Lady Elizabeth Lowther, eldest daughter of William, first Earl of Lonsdale, and Lady Augusta Fane, eldest daughter of John, ninth Earl of Westmorland, and consequently sister of the Earl of Lonsdale, Lady Anne Beckett, and Caroline Duchess of Cleveland. The deceased lady died on Friday at Orleans, in her eighty-fifth year. Her ladyship had resided for upwards of forty years in the south of France.

SENATOR ACCIDENT.—Miss Ida Gladstone, youngest daughter of Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart. of Fasque, near Fetercairn, brother of the Prime Minister, met with a very serious accident on Tuesday afternoon last week. She had been riding out within her father's grounds, accompanied by a groom, and the horse which she rode, a very spirited animal, got unruly, and bolted off. After the horse had run some distance, Miss Gladstone came into violent collision with the branch of a tree, which caused her to be thrown to the ground. She was taken up insensible, and conveyed to Fasque House. A messenger was despatched for medical assistance, who met Sir Thomas at Laurencekirk. Sir Thomas telegraphed for Dr. Pirie, of Aberdeen, who arrived per special train. Miss Gladstone had since been in a state of insensibility. The injury she sustained consists of a violent concussion of the brain at the left temple. According to the latest accounts she is progressing favourably.

The Earl and Countess of Derby have arrived at their residence in St. James's-square, from Knowsley, for the season.

The Earl and Countess Grey arrived at their residence on Carlton-house-terrace on Friday evening, from the north, for the season.

The Earl and Countess of Carnarvon came to town on Monday from Highclere Castle, their seat near Newbury, for the season.

The Earl of Lonsdale, who has been passing a few weeks at Folkestone, has arrived in town for the season.

Viscountess Palmerston, accompanied by Viscountess Jocelyn and the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper, M.P., and Mrs. Cowper, (the Countess of Cowper), arrived on Wednesday, for her residence in Park-lane, for the season.

His Excellency the Prussian Ambassador and the Countess Bernstorff entertained at dinner on Saturday, at the Prussian Embassy, on Carlton-house-terrace, his Excellency the Danish Minister, his Excellency the Bavarian Minister, Lord de Tabley, Lord Houghton, Lady Augustus Loftus, Hon. William and Mrs. Ashley, Hon. Spencer and Mrs. Ponsonby, the Right Hon. W. E. and Mrs. Gladstone, Miss Gladstone, the Right Hon. Frederick Peel, Sir Erskine Perry, Baron and Baroness de Schimmlins, Count Galem, Count Wolkstein, Mr. Henry Cole, &c. After dinner the countess had a small evening reception.

The Duchess of Sutherland left Paris on Saturday for Cannes, where her grace intends to remain till after Easter.

The Duchess (Emily) of Beaufort left town on Saturday for Badminton.

The Marquis of Westminster is in a precarious state of health. The last accounts received in town were unfavourable; but it is possible the marquis may linger for some time to come. We learn that the noble marquis's mental faculties have given way, arising from a softening of the brain.

The Duke of Hamilton, who entertained a large party of English and foreign gentlemen on board his steam yacht, the Stella, whilst staying at Nice for the races, has left for the East, accompanied by Mr. Burton and Mr. Crawshaw.

The remains of Sir Charles Slingby, who lost his life in the recent hunting accident, were on Monday last week interred in the private chapel belonging to the family in Knaresborough Church, Leeds. All the shops in the town were closed during the ceremony, and thousands of people visited the town to witness the funeral. It was nearly two o'clock before the mournful procession reached Church-lane. It was headed by the commissioners of the town, then followed the tradesmen of the town and district, next came neighbouring farmers, and afterwards were the tenants, all of whom had lost a good landlord and neighbour. Ten mourning coaches followed the hearse. The funeral service was performed by the Rev. James Fawcett, vicar of Knaresborough. The church was densely crowded. The corpse was afterwards removed into the private chapel in the church, and the last of the Slingbys was then deposited in the vault of his forefathers.

After the Premier's full-dress Ministerial Parliamentary banquet on Monday evening, Mrs. Gladstone had a reception, for which a select number of invitations were issued. The saloons presented a gay appearance from the number of full-dress uniforms worn by the peers and officials present. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge arrived from the Earl Granville's shortly before eleven o'clock, and remained about an hour.

Prince Christian was present on Tuesday night in the House of Commons during the debate on the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne.

The Grand Duke and Duchess of Schleswig-Holstein and suite arrived early in the week at the Buckingham Palace Hotel, on their way to the Continent.

Lady Herbert (of Lea) and Lady Mary Herbert arrived in town on Monday from Wilton House, Wilts, for the season.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

On Tuesday last week, at All Saints' Church, Norfolk-square, William Edward Dowdeswell, Esq., M.P., was married to Miss Emily Parkyns, second daughter of Sir Thomas Par-

kyus, Bart., of 9, Gloucester-square, Hyde-park. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. Mr. Law. The bride was attired in white satin, trimmed with swansdown, a wreath of orange blossoms, and Honiton lace veil. The bridesmaids were eight in number—Miss Charlotte Parkyns, Miss Edith Parkyns, Miss Katherine Parkyns, Miss Leonard, Miss Elinor Parkyns, and Miss Violet Parkyns (first and second granddaughters of Sir Thomas), Miss Grome, and Miss Graham; and they wore dresses of white muslin trimmed with pink, and white muslin trimmed with pink roses to match. The bride was given away by her father, Sir Thomas Parkyns, and Mr. Arthur Dowdeswell was the groomsmen.

The marriage was celebrated on the 4th inst., at Hurstpierpoint Church, of Richard Bell, Esq., of Hurstpierpoint, Surrey, and Louisa Diana St. John, eldest daughter of the late Major Frederick Berkeley St. John, and granddaughter of the late General the Hon. Frederick St. John, of Charley, Sussex. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Carey Borner, the rector, assisted by the Rev. Hugh James Rose. The bride was received at the church door by the clergyman and choir, who walked in procession up the aisle singing a hymn. The bride was followed by five bridesmaids. The bride's dress was a rich white silk, beautifully trimmed with white satin and Honiton lace. The bridesmaids were dressed in white muslin over white silk, and carried satin sashes, the racing colours of the bridegroom, with white bonnets, trimmed with shaded wild roses, and long tulle veils. The bride was given away by her youthful brother, Mr. Harry St. John. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. G. Joyce. At half-past three the bride and bridegroom left for Dover en route for Paris. There was a numerous party of relatives and friends on the occasion.

On the Thursday another wedding took place at Norley Bank, when Miss Selina Lascelles, third daughter of the Hon. A. Lascelles, was united to Arthur de C. Rice, Esq., son of the Rev. F. W. Rice, and nephew of Lord Dufferin, of South Wales and Gloucester. The marriage was celebrated in Norley Church, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. Gunfille, rector of Wrexham, assisted by the Rev. J. G. Joyce. The bridesmaids were—the Hon. Rose B. Wilbraham, Miss Elizabeth Wilson-Patterson, Miss Lascelles, and Miss Ruth Lascelles. The bride was dressed in white satin and Brussels lace, Brussels lace veil, and wreath of orange blossoms. The bridesmaids' dresses were white silk, trimmed with swansdown, blue sashes, and white tulle bonnets, trimmed with blue. The marriage of Josephine Henrietta, only daughter of the Rev. John Adolphus Wright, rector of Ickham, Kent, to Henry Smith Wright, Esq., third son of Ichabod Charles Wright, Esq., of Mappertley Hall, Notts, was solemnised in the parish church of St. James, Dover. The marriage rite was performed by the Rev. W. E. Light, rector of St. James's, assisted by the Rev. W. W. Wright, of London, and the Rev. J. Midgley, curate of Ickham. The bride, dressed in a beautiful white *crystaline* silk with a white tulle veil and bridal wreath of orange blossoms, was attended by six bridesmaids, who looked excessively pretty in white tarlatan over white silk dresses and green satin sashes and trimming.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of Mr. James Disraeli, one of the Commissioners of the Board of Inland Revenue, formerly of Eaton-terrace, Piccadilly, but late of Cromwell-place, Middlesex, was proved in the Principal Registry on the 2nd inst., by his brother, the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, P.C., M.P., one of the executors, power being reserved to Mr. John Lucena Ross Kettle, of New-square, Lincolnshire, the other executor. The personality was sworn upon 14,000*l.* The testator was appointed to the Board of Inland Revenue in 1853, having previously been the treasurer for some years past of the county courts of Lincolnshire and Derbyshire. His death was very sudden, on the 23rd December last, having transacted business at Somerset House on the day preceding. The will is brief, dated March 3, 1868. After leaving to his housekeeper a legacy of 4,000*l.*, and to her sister, then in his service, a legacy of 400*l.*, both free of duty, he bequeaths the residue of his personal estate, together with his real estate, to his brother, the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, with a request that Mr. Kettle may select for himself two of testator's pictures.

The will of Miss Frances Teed, late of Bath, and formerly of Great Campden House, Kensington, has been lately proved under 16,000*l.*, the executors being Mr. William Spencer Palmer, of Hamilton-terrace, London, and the Rev. Isaac Sadler Gale, M.A., rector of St. John's, Bristol. The following legacies have been left to charitable institutions from the New Three per Cent. Annuities: 500*l.* to the London Church Missionary Society; 500*l.* to the Philo-Judean Society; 200*l.* to the Governesses' Benevolent Institution; 100*l.* to the Church Pastoral Aid Society; 100*l.* to the Blind Home at Bath; and 100*l.* to the Orphan School, Bath.

"Three years ago this autumn I had a severe attack of the gout, to which I had been subject for 22 years. After being confined to my room under treatment two weeks, I was induced to try your Pain Killer, and in a little more than a week I was able to be out and at business. Two years before I had a similar attack, which, with the best treatment I could get, confined me to my house four months.—T. PERRY, Red Lion-square, November 10, 1868.—To P. D. and Son."

BREAKFAST.—A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.—The *Civil Service Gazette* has the following:—"There are very few simple articles of food which can boast so many valuable and important dietary properties as cocoa. While acting on the nerves as a gentle stimulant, it provides the body with some of the purest elements of nutrition, and at the same time corrects and invigorates the action of the digestive organs. These beneficial effects depend in a great measure upon the manner of its preparation, but of late years such close attention has been given to the growth and treatment of cocoa that there is no difficulty in securing it with every useful quality fully developed. The singular success which Mr. Epps attained by his homoeopathic preparation of cocoa has never been surpassed by any other preparation. Far and wide the reputation of Epps' cocoa has spread by the simple force of its own extraordinary merits. Medical men of all shades of opinion have agreed in recommending it as the safest and most beneficial article of diet for persons of weak constitutions. This superiority of a particular mode of preparation over all others is a remarkable proof of the great results to be obtained from little causes. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaver by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."

Interesting Items.

A BEGGAR woman was charged at Huddersfield a few days ago with retaining possession of a purse containing 11*l.*, which one of her children had picked up in the street and handed to his mother, who ordered him to inform no one of the discovery he had made. It appeared that the prisoner habitually sent the children out on begging expeditions; and the boy, seven years of age, stated that on one day he received 8*s.*, on a second 7*s.* 6*d.*, and on a third day 7*s.* He also stated that, although she had the 11*l.* in her possession, the mother sent him out to beg, and he earned 2*s.* 6*d.* in the course of the day. The woman was sent to gaol for a month.

Mrs. Jane Glover, the wife of a watchmaker at Mile-end, was walking in the street with her daughter when Mrs. Blanch, a neighbour, passed, and Mrs. Glover's daughter made some criticisms on the style in which the lady held up her dress. Mrs. Blanch assaulted Mrs. Glover, and then called her servant, Amelia Prusser, to help her. Mrs. Glover was knocked down and kicked, and died a few hours afterwards. The jury at the inquest returned a verdict of manslaughter against both the ladies.

The Sunday evening preachers appointed for Lent at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, are as follows: Feb. 21, Rev. G. F. Maclear, preacher in the Temple; Feb. 28, Rev. Dr. Barry, Principal of King's College; March 7, Rev. Canon Mildred Birch, Chaplain to the Prince of Wales; March 14, Rev. J. E. Kempe, Chaplain to the Queen; March 21, Very Rev. the Dean of Chichester; March 28, Rev. Henry White, chaplain. The Bishop of Carlisle has, in consequence of ill-health, retired from active duties for a season. The Right Rev. Bishop Anderson will undertake Dr. Walgrave's duties during his lordship's absence from home.

A few days since there was a masquerade in the Palace of the Crown Prince at Berlin, to which about 500 people were invited. There were two processions, one representing German fairy tales and the other the German people.

Captain James Hosken, late commander of the Great Britain, was recently married in the Wesleyan Chapel, Penryn, Cornwall, by the Rev. Humphrey Juteum, to Eliza, the oldest surviving daughter of the late Mr. Richard Hosken. The bridegroom is about seventy-four years of age. The bride, who is about thirty-four, has been an invalid for the last ten years, and was conveyed to the chapel in a palanquin, which was wheeled up to the place where the ceremony was performed; and in which she was married and signed the contract in the presence of the registrar. Application had been made for special licence to be married in the house of the bride's mother, but the Archbishop of Canterbury required more explanation than the parties were inclined to afford, hence their being married in the Wesleyan Chapel.

A Salford jury had a delicate duty imposed upon them a few days ago. They were appealed to by a portrait painter named Langley, for the sum of three guineas, which the painter said Mr. Cohen, a jeweller, had agreed to pay for a portrait in crayons of Mr. Cohen's wife, but which he had not paid. The plaintiff's advocate said that Mrs. Cohen was a very good-looking woman, and that the portrait was a very good likeness of her. This latter point was the subject of dispute. Mr. Cohen would have been quite willing to pay the money, but he said the likeness was not even tolerable. Mrs. Cohen had to go into the box and the portrait was placed by her side. The jury, after minutely comparing the original with the picture, gave the painter his verdict.

INFAMOUS SYSTEM OF ROBBING CHILDREN.—Emily Green, twenty-three, has been indicted, at the Middlesex Sessions, for stealing a coat and other articles, value 15*s.*, the property of James Goudge, from the person of Frederick Goudge, and a pair of trousers and a waistcoat, the property of Joseph Holder, from the person of Emily Barr. There were five other indictments of a similar description against her. These could have been multiplied to between forty and fifty cases, but the magistrate deemed it wise to be severe in the first instance, and taken the *modus operandi* of the prisoner as a sample, viz., to decoy the children into some private place, and there strip them of their clothing. The jury found the prisoner guilty. The assistant-judge sentenced her to be kept in penal servitude for five years.

Two brothers, George and Charles Simmonds, sausage-makers, of Bethnal-green, were charged at the Worship-street Police-court with cutting up diseased beef, utterly unfit for human food. At the shop of George Simmonds the sanitary inspector found two men cutting up two quarters of beef, and in the other defendant's shop, Charles Simmonds himself was cutting up a quarter of diseased cow beef. The Bethnal-green parish doctor said that the use of the meat as food would have been attended with the most injurious consequences. Mr. Ellison sentenced George Simmonds to pay a fine of 3*s.* 6*d.* costs; and the other defendant to be imprisoned for three months with hard labour, without the option of a fine.

The guardians of the poor of St. Pancras are going to provide a needle-room for the employment of the more respectable class of able-bodied women in the receipt of outdoor relief. These persons will be employed at sewing and knitting, and cutting out and making up articles of clothing, &c. They will be superintended by a task-mistress, and be kept at work from nine till five o'clock daily, and allowed one hour for dinner. No food will be permitted to be brought into the workroom, and during the hours of work the "rule of silence" will be enforced. The scheme will be begun on a limited scale, a room in the basement of the Vestry-hall being adapted as a needle-room. This room will accommodate about twenty-five women.

A disputed will has come before the Dublin Court of Probate. A person named Duddy, of Londonderry, bequeathed the bulk of his property, about 3,000*l.*, to his wife on the condition that she should not marry, but enter a convent. The next of kin challenged the instrument on the ground of undue influence on the part of the wife. The court decided that the will was good.

The following was the petition presented by Mrs. Lincoln to the United States Senate:—"To the Honourable Vice-President of the United States, Sir,—I herewith most respectfully present to the Honourable Senate of the United States an application for a pension. I am a widow of a President of the United States whose life was sacrificed in his country's service. That sad calamity has greatly impaired my health, and by the advice of my physicians I have been obliged to go to Italy; but my financial means do not permit me to take advantage of the urgent advice given me, nor can I live in a style becoming the widow of the chief magistrate of a great nation, although I live as economically as I can. In consideration of the great services my deeply-lamented husband has rendered to the United States, and of the fearful loss I have sustained by his untimely death,—his martyrdom,—I most respectfully submit to you your honourable body this petition, hoping that an early

pension may be granted me, so that I may have less pecuniary cares. I remain, most respectfully, Mrs. A. LINCOLN, Frankfurt, Germany." The petition was referred to the Committee on Pensions, and they have declined to recommend the granting of the pension.

The Correctional Tribunal of Lyons has just tried an ecclesiastic named Quincannon, but known as Father Pirin, twenty-two years of age, for cruelty to pupils placed under his care. The prisoner, by a strange remark of cruelty, was accustomed to hang the pupils up by their legs to a large hook in the wall and then fling them. He also frequently made the big boys act as executioners and whip the young ones. The court sentenced the accused to six months' imprisonment.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER A SISTER OF MERCY.—A determined attempt at murder was made a few days back in the civil hospital of Wissembourg. A sister of charity was occupied in the kitchen, when one of the attendants, a young man aged twenty-one, appeared with a pair of double-barrelled pistols, and discharged two shots at her head; then, finding that he had only wounded her slightly, and that she was attempting to escape, he rushed after, and fired a third time, point blank in her face, wounding her severely. The sister is lying in a critical state, and the assassin has been arrested. He declares that he had long meditated this crime, the motives for which are not stated.

A few days ago a breakfast was given in the Townhall, Brackley, for the purpose of presenting to the Earl of Ellesmere an address, and to the Countess a testimonial of esteem, on the part of the tenants of Brackley. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Canon Thicknesse, Vicar of Brackley, who had on his left the Countess, and on his right the Earl of Ellesmere. There was a large number of ladies and gentlemen present.

Some important modifications of the Factory and Workshop Regulation Acts have been gazetted by Mr. Redgrave, the inspector of factories. They refer to the Saturday half-holiday. It is now legal to substitute another day for Saturday on which the weekly half-holiday may be granted in all factories and workshops connected with a retail business, in which articles of wearing apparel are made, or which may be situated in towns in which the market day is Saturday. When some other day is thus substituted for Saturday it is not necessary that all the persons employed should have the half-holiday on the same day—it may be granted to some on one day, and to others on another day. The effect of these modifications will be to afford all milliners, dressmakers, and others engaged in making wearing apparel an opportunity of completing an order which may have been given to them late in the week. Employers, by giving any portion of their workpeople notice that they will have their half-holiday on another day during the following week, may keep them at work on the Saturday as long as on other days.

UNFADING BEAUTY.

These beautiful lines were written over two hundred years ago by Thomas Carew.

Hee that loves a rosiè cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlight eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—There is a very important point, which has altogether escaped the attention of the women educators of our day, and that is the relation which exists between a vigorous and healthy mind on the one hand, and body on the other hand. A weakly frame and a highly-cultivated mind may go together, but the latter is mostly effeminate, and the ultimate ill-effects of the conjunction are seen in the degenerate character of the offspring. This applies as well to the case of women as to men. In the recent discussions that have taken place relative to the education of women this important point has been almost entirely missed. If the culture of the mind be forced without due attention to the body, especially in the "weaker" sex, the body by disuse becomes degenerate, and the body at length participates in one general decay. There are exceptions to the rule; but if we are in the future to produce a race of blue-stockings only at the expense of a satisfactory physical training, then the sooner the matter is forbidden to become the wife and then the mother the better for as the mother is so, in great degree, is the offspring—a highly-developed mind in a neglected body predicts inefficiency in the offspring. What is needed is an equal appreciation of the necessity of educating the body as well as mind. "Disuse leads to decay," as well with muscle as with mind. If, therefore, we desire to improve the mental acquires on a sound basis, we should be careful to secure the more general introduction into our schools and seminaries of the proper use of gymnastics of all kinds. By this means we may do much to improve even the *physique* of the next generation, to lessen the number of thin and narrow chests, of weak spines and the like, which abound among the women of our own day, and give to the rising generation a sturdier framework, and, therefore, a better chance of possessing a *mens sana in corpore sano*.

A SUCCESS UNPRECEDENTED.—MARAVILLA COCOA IS PERFECTION.—The *Globe* says:—"Taylor Brothers' Maravilla Cocoa has achieved a thorough success, and supercedes every other Cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For homoeopathic and invalids we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage."—Sold in packets only, by all Grocers.

The *Court Circular*, of Saturday, October 24, says:—"An important discovery has just been made, that Cocoa, peculiarly prepared, forms the best and most nutritious food for animals of all descriptions. The experience of all consumers proves that horses, cows, or pigs, who partake of this food, mixed along with their other provisions, are in a much healthier condition, yield more produce, and are less liable to disease than cattle fed in the ordinary manner. Another great advantage is that by its use a considerable saving is effected. We recommend our readers to give the new condiment called the 'Nutritious Cocoa Extract' a fair trial, as we are sure, while they benefit pecuniarily, their animals will physically improve. The proprietors are the North British Cattle Food Company, of 173, Bishopsgate-street, E.C., who will be glad to forward a sample of 250 feeds for 10*s.*, or 1,000 feeds for 3*s.*

The Humourist.



UMOURS AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT.—A machine for cutting chaff. To dispel darkness from about you—make light of your troubles.

Why is natural politeness like flour? Because it is in bread (jabber). A boarding-school miss, being unwell, deemed it vulgar to say that she was "Bilious," so she complained of being "Williamous."

There are two periods in the life of man at which he is too wise to tell woman the exact truth—When he is in love, and when he isn't.

SYDNEY SMITH AND THE YORK FANCY BALL.—About forty-five years ago a grand fancy ball was announced to take place at York in the first assize week, under the patronage of the "underrated noblemen and gentlemen." An invitation

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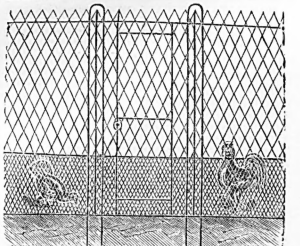
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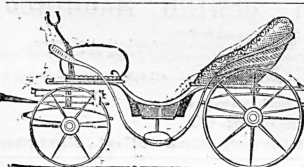


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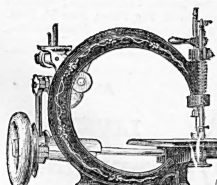
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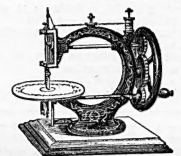
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